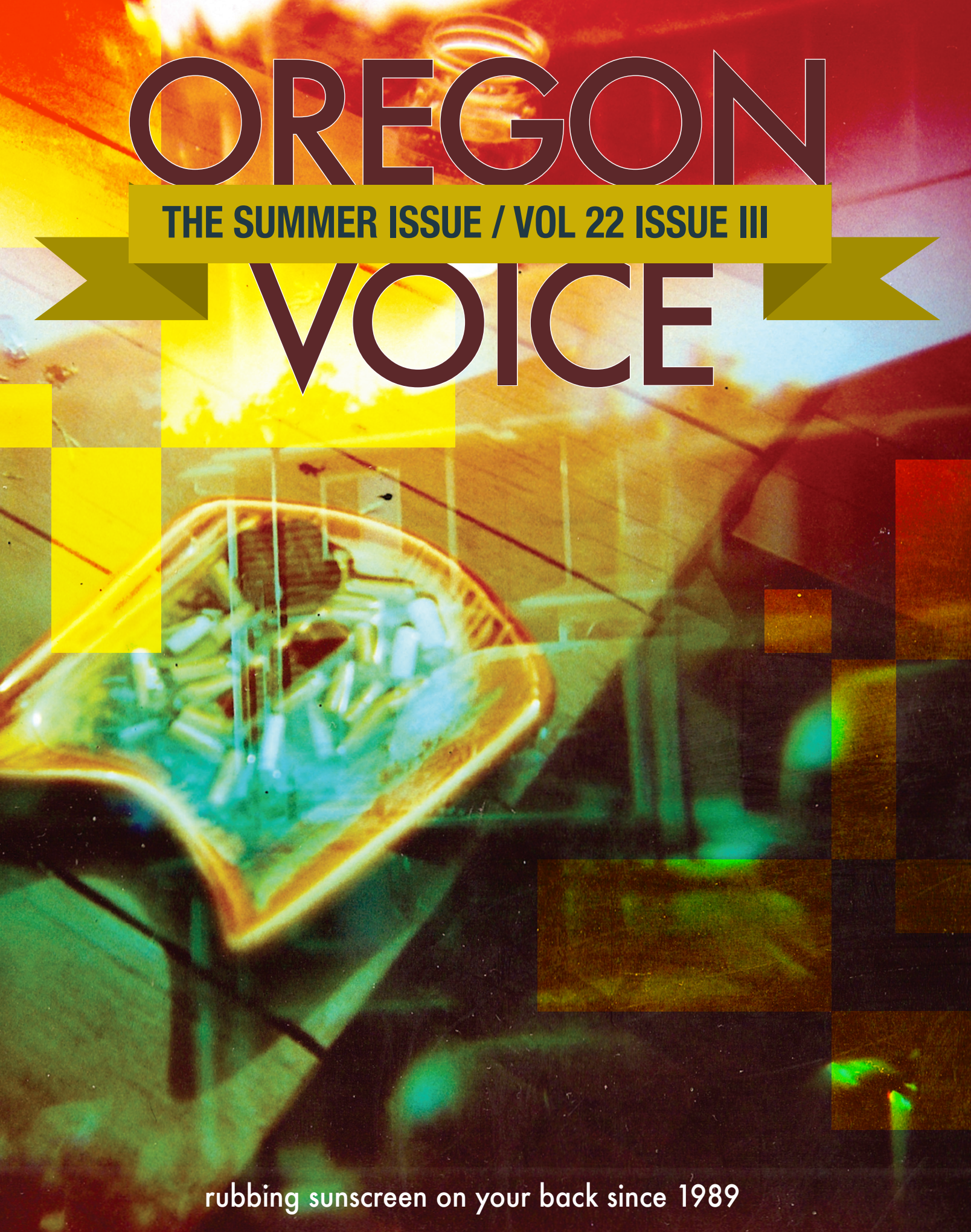
OREGON
THE SUMMER ISSUE / VOL 22 ISSUE III
VOICE
rubbing sunscreen on your back since 1989

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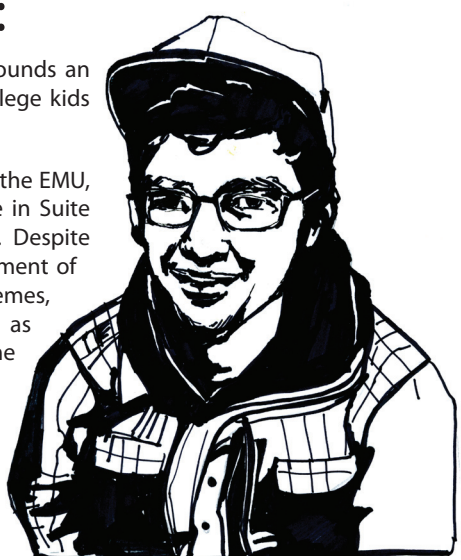

The word *baby* often induces feelings of repulsion. It sounds an awful lot like responsibility — sacrifice even. Virtues college kids generally aren't down with.

At the Voice, we've taken *baby* back. In the basement of the EMU, amidst the cubular confines of our newly minted office in Suite 18 the term, meaning brainchild, is used endearingly. Despite little interest in human offspring, we still seek the fulfillment of seeing something through to fruition. Headlines, themes, fundraisers, special sections: Our babies are as diverse as they are beautiful, and their health is foremost. Only the finest of pre-natal care, and I'm not talking that insurance company-funded pre-natal care. I'm talking about some New Age, listen-to-Mozart-while-we-do-underwater-yoga pre-natal care. The Summer Issue is a yoga baby.

It was conceived during a backyard session with Cara last August. As we gushed over the magic of a Eugene summer, Cara spoke eight words that proved potent. "How about … next Winter term … The Summer Issue." *Whoa.*

An attempt to bottle the feeling of summer, saved for a time when the euphoria of midnight bike rides in tank tops is just a memory, was worthy of immediate action.

An e-mail to returning Voicies was promptly sent out. "The Summer Issue, coming out in winter of 2011, in FULL COLOR … Write your stories before summer's over, for authenticity's sake," it read.

Well, this is the Voice, so no one actually wrote any stories when we asked them to (not like Cara or I did either). But the Summer Issue did come to life. Flip through these pages for the lowdown on summer traveling, sleep disorders and dealing with defeat. We'll give you thoughts on prescription pills, teach you how to make beer, and provide methods of battling seasonal depression — but not in the same article (that would be irresponsible). Pretty Eyes continues to stretch the limits of logic. A Voice-approved summer music festival guide will put you on the path to ecstasy (the emotion). If milk were illegal, our story of a Portland-area ice cream vendor would reveal a stunning criminal enterprise. And boobs grace our pages for the first time in 14 months.

Even if this issue isn't *my* baby, I do think of myself as its surrogate father. I've been there from the start, to see it grow from an idea into its physical form. Held it in my own arms. When it's five, I'll teach it how to ride a bike. (When it's fifteen, Cara will teach it to ride a fixie.) And though we understand reading the Summer Issue in February could be torturous, we're okay with that. Some babies grow to be problem children. We love them anyway.

Shine on,

Tyler

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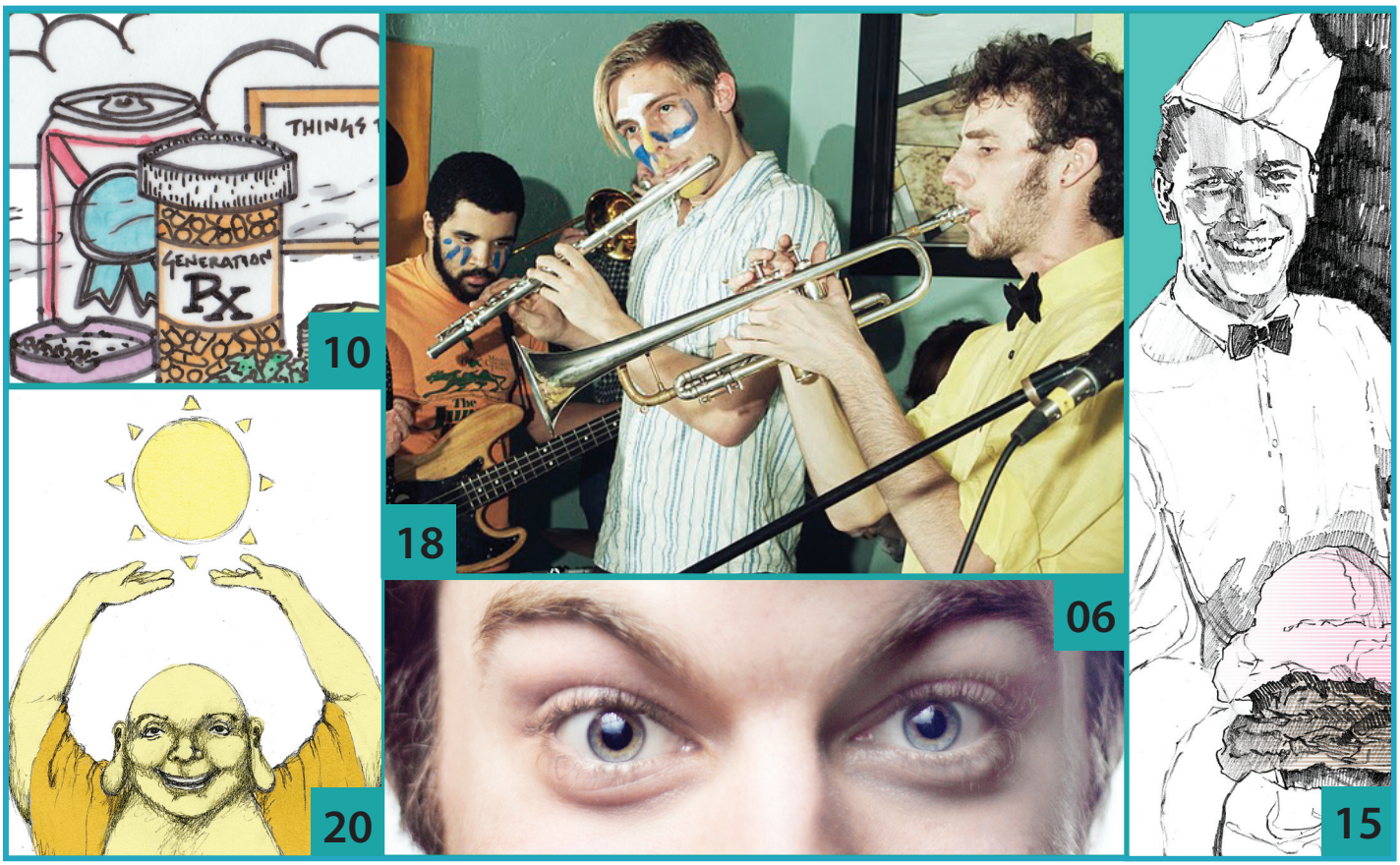

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THROUGH THE INS AND OUTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE, THE ***OREGON VOICE*** ASKS

:WTF?

AUTO FLUSH

words **CARA MERENDINO**
art **MARY HALL**

I am a frequenter of UO public bathrooms. Fueled by innumerous cups of coffee, I spend the majority of my week charging between lecture halls and the EMU. With my best application of simple mathematics, I estimate that about 70% of my life's urinations take place on the UO's dime. Great. So what's my gripe? Every time I pee at the UO, the toilet flushes twice before I've even dropped my drawers. Now, don't get me wrong. I fully support the notion of automatically flushing toilets; toilet handles are overridden with germs and grimy grossness. But for a school that claims to support sustainability and low energy consumption, the UO certainly hasn't taken notice that three times the amount of water is utilized to flush something that in my house we would let mellow. This may be my own fault. The sensors are more than likely designed to recognize the upward motion that generally follows toilet usage. Perhaps my squatting throws it off, though any realistic toilet designer should be aware of public toilet-seat phobia, a condition I assume affects others besides myself, not to mention that toilet water sometimes has the capacity to spray my unsuspecting bottom in it's rogue rebellion against my freedom to squat in peace. Shit's wack, and what's wacker is that there ain't nothin' I can do about it. WTF.

GLASS CEILING

words **TYLER PELL**

Following the Oregon Voice's recent screening of the acclaimed 1994 film, *Mighty Ducks II*, audience members critically analyzed the film's social and political implications. For instance: The *glass ceiling allegory* played out between the team's goalies, Adam Goldberg and Julie 'The Cat' Gaffney, totally reinforces complacency with social inequity. What the Fuck, Steven Brill? The movie's writer can't hide his chauvinism.

Carol Hymowitz and Timothy Schellhardt helped shape the discussion of glass ceiling in a 1986 Wall Street Journal article. The Department of Labor would soon define the glass ceiling as an "artificial barrier based on attitudinal or organizational bias that prevents qualified individuals from advancing upward in their organization into management-level positions."

In Brill's movie, Goldberg, the archetypal good ol' boy, rests on his *Mighty Ducks I* laurels along with centuries of sexual oppression to keep his starting goalie gig. Sure, he's got tenure on Gordon Bombay's Duck-squad, but this time the Ducks are playing for the country. The dude can barely skate and is leading the best under-16 hockey team in the country? Give Julie a chance.

I mean, the chick left her team in Maine to get her "one big chance" playing for Team USA. Instead, she's gotta watch Goldberg's tired routine in the net every night? Fuck that. The glass ceiling isn't shattered; Julie's first-string talents and second-string status are proof. She can only watch helplessly as her dreams of ascending the depth chart are skated all over by motherfuckin' Goldberg.

All I'm saying is if Julie the Cat were *Justin* the Cat, he would be starting. What the fuck Steven Brill? Quit perpetuating inequality.

SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT

words **OREGON VOICE**

We pen this WTF as refugees of EMU Suite 20, the office that this magazine had called home for the past 13 years. The ASUO commandeered the space to make room for its brand new Sustainability Center, a place "where all groups that are focused on environmentalism or sustainability can have an open dialogue, a place to meet with each other and figure out what each group is doing."

Well that's great motherfuckin' news. And we'd love to discuss it. But the only thing we can hear in our shitty-ass new office is the sound of The Break — a motherfuckin' POOL HALL — on the other side of our paper-thin walls that don't even reach the ceiling.

WHAT. THE. FUCK. We're down with the elusive definition of "sustainability." But, couldn't our environmentally minded student groups have moved into the new pool-hall offices? The answer, unfortunately, is no. Because if the new center was in Suite 20, or the Break, bypassing students wouldn't see the glimmering "Sustainability Center" sign in the breezeway and think of how FUCKING GREEN our university is. That is, if the sound of the 17 other construction projects on the east end of campus doesn't distract them.

The Oregon Voice got straight Eminent Domained so a few people in the student government could masturbate all over their resumes. If we sound brash, it's probably because it sounds like fucking recess outside our office. And it's a good thing we're such great dancers, cause some serious ballet is required to traverse the flying pool sticks, air hockey pucks, ping pong balls and general tomfoolery going down in the Break. So come check us out sometime! Actually, don't. We'll come to your office, it's probably much more accommodating than the dry-walled closet we're in now.

WTF 100-level classes, you're too easy to pass. **WTF** People who walk in the bike lane. **WTF** Men wearing Ugg Boots, I don't give a fuck if they're comfy. **WTF** People who bum cigarettes when I'm on the phone. **WTF** Ducks, is this how you repay us for the Jaqua Center? **WTF** Shake weights. **WTF** Bathroom stall doors that open towards the toilet. **WTF** Winter, I'm sweatin' in my coat! **WTF** Money!?! You ain't worth shit! **WTF** Classrooms without clocks.

WTF SPF

words **NOAH DEWITT**

Sunburn, and the malignant skin cancer it leads to, was once a part of summer that we had no choice but to live with. Falling asleep while basking was a mistake that not only caused immense suffering in the short-term, but also shortened your lifespan by a year or two down the line. Back then you either stayed clothed or got roasted.

When laboratory white coats synthesized a lotion that blocked ultraviolet rays from messing with our skin cells, suddenly the sun didn't seem so mean. If you felt a poolside nap coming on, all you had to do was slap some SPF 50 on your exposed areas.

But according to studies conducted by the National Center for Toxicological Research last spring, a common sunscreen ingredient called retinyl palmitate actually accelerates skin cancer. With this gnarly Vitamin-A compound smeared on their skin, lab mice developed skin cancer 11 to 21 percent faster. But by simply avoiding retinyl palmitate, we are still not safe. Other ingredients are proving harmful upon research; for example, many sunscreens contain oxybenzone, which studies suggest is a hormone disruptor (super sketch).

When the NCTR published these findings, the media subsequently erupted in headlines, pointing blameful fingers at the sunscreen industry and the FDA. The Environmental Working Group reviewed 500 sunscreens on the market, and only eight percent were deemed safe.

What the fuck, sunscreen?! When I rubbed you on my back, I thought you had my back. All those hours I spent pursuing a skin tone somewhere between bronze and caramel, you were just an accessory to the sun's cancer-causing plot! I feel betrayed. Where does that leave us now? Square fucking one.

This chem lab report is such a cock block.
Hi mom, I have a problem. No, I'm not pregnant.
I went sober, so…
It sounds like herpes on the radio…
My problem is with young people, children.
Nothing like a little gagging in the morning…

DEAR PRETTY EYES...

Submit questions for Pretty Eyes to oregonvoice@gmail.com. For emergencies, call the Dear Pretty Eyes 24-hour crisis hotline: 503 975 2241.

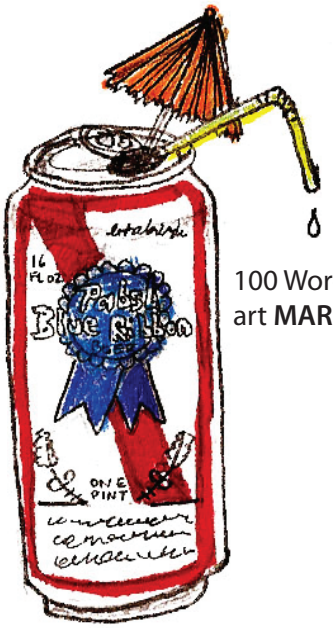
wisdom **JOSH KENNETT**
photo **SREANG HOK**

I have a moral issue with someone near and dear to my heart, one of my boyfriend's roommates. My problem is that I have the strong urge to punch him in the face almost every single time I see him. He disregards my opinions, considers anyone but himself severely inferior, and his ego is in danger of exploding. Also, to my disgust, he considers himself the greatest musician alive. (If not the greatest, then certainly within the top three on this planet today.) His enormous talents include violin, guitar, the occasional piano, and his obnoxious favorite, his vocal chords. Don't get me wrong — it's not like he isn't a talented singer, but it's just too much. Any time of the day you can hear his glorious singing reverberating throughout the building without fail. I even get texts from friends warning me not to come home because a "concert" is in session. I live in constant fear that he might someday smash my face in with his guitar for not worshiping the ground he walks on. Is my case hopeless?

-My Musical Nightmare

Well, MMN, moral issues are just social constructions of the mind, created to keep us from breaking certain "rules." One rule is to not punch people in the face, which is unfortunate because sometimes violence can solve problems. It is part of our animal nature to physically express our emotions. Sometimes a conk on the nose can wake a brotha' up. Maybe he has no idea that the shape of his personality resembles a giant dick. He could be coasting through life, thinking that his "talents" will be remembered by many and that his body will be worth more than the soil it will return to in the all-too-near future. People usually obtain their ego from those around them and society at large. His parents might have thought he was special. His inflated musical ego could be an antidote to his underlying insecurity. We all stress the positives or the negatives of ourselves in accordance with our unconscious goals of a prescribed identity. But what can you do? Talk to your boyfriend. Tell him that you don't feel respected by this guy, that he inflicts his instrument-playing on all ears in proximity, that he didn't ask his neighbors' permission to make noise. Other than that, accept that you have three choices: confront him and communicate your beef, avoid going to your boyfriend's abode and ask him to come to your crib more often, or just realize that he is the way he is and to not let his ego get to you. Don't let him get your goat. You only got one, unless you're a farmer. That's another story . . .

SUMMER micro FICTION



100 Words & Count 'em...
art **MARGOT DENMAN**

Everything moves slower in the summer. Because you've got time, time doesn't have you. That's how it used to be. Now as I get older summertime is moving towards regular time. Wake up, go to work, come home, eat dinner, sleep, repeat. Routines. Instead of spending the day at the river, letting the thick, humid heat wrap around you until you can't bear it any longer and you tumble in and let the current control time for a while. Sleep when it's dark, wake when it's light, and don't bother glancing at the clock, not once.

words **SAIGE KOLPACK**

Teal clothes and yarrow smells. Distorted light rays dissolving in your brain. Your brain heats up and spits sweat. "Wheel rows and narrow hells," retorted night shades revolving in your brain. Acid. Richard Alpert. YouTube. "Vested interest in the ongoing game." Eugene Parks and Rec Interview. On film. Alice in Wonderland. Theater. Little children. Alton Baker Park. You and your friend walk down to the river island to see the sunset. You speak of the world and our imposed and fixed perception of it. But you realize it can be different, so much different. The sun sets. Colors explode. Hello.

words **JOSH KENNETT**

Rollin' solo proved to be Slater Brawley's one summer love success. Fed up with the bullshit, he ventured out alone, escaping the bro crew's unforgiving glaring eye — a lone wolf on the prowl. Regretting hours of judgmental fantasizing, turning females into objects for just a moment of mental ejaculation, Slater no longer resists his alter ego: El Caballero Don Juan. With swiftness and Spanish tongue skills, his genuine badass gentlemanship gleams in the absence of the glaring eyes of brotherly love, which normally steals his mojo. The essence of Don Juan blossoms. Without the crew, Slater actually remembers having sex for the first time.

words **JOSEPH SAVAGE**

Twenty-three and half degrees off center, that feels nice.

As a reward for our ongoing participation in the heliocentric game, the Galaxy budgets the Earth a finite number of solar rays for each completed revolution. Catalyzed by an off-center axis, and sandwiched between the Vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes, our bioregion is treated to a psychedelic saunter through the cosmos. Citizens of our Cascadian quadrant reap the benefits of our fat solar radiation royalties. In English, we call the phenomenon: 'summer.' And soon, the PNW will lunge once more toward the source of our solar allowances — spend it wisely.

words **TYLER PELL**

Summer of Sam was sweaty. We sang and slept and sexed and basked in the sunshine of new romance. My dad's called Sam, so's his dad. My new lover was Sam and so was my other new lover. Maybe Sams seduce me, or Sams are sweet. Maybe I'm a Freudian nightmare. One June afternoon, Sam serenaded me in his sun-drenched apartment.

"I'm sorry. There's another Sam. He's back, I've always loved him. His middle name is the same as your last name … funny, huh?" Nervous giggle.

"What's in a name?" Nervous giggle.

So sultry when he sulked. My lip trembled.

words **CARA MERENDINO**

My spokes speak klink tongue to my sneakers as I coast no handed through friendly flower air toward the Mighty Willamette for my morning ablution — a bath that not only purifies my soul, but also knocks back the bacteria colonies thriving in my funkier, sweatier parts. With no sleeves, socks, or undershorts, the wind cops a feel and sends me into a trance of mind-body bliss. I hurtle down the river path, lock up at The Spot, grab a fistful of berries as I descend to the bank, wade ungracefully out into the current, and let its force course through me.

words **NOAH DEWITT**

HUMMER BUMMER

NO CASH FOR THIS CLUNKER

words **SAIGE KOLPACK**
art **BIANCA SMITH**

Fellow Americans, late last February we received grave news: GM decided to discontinue the Hummer. After attempting to sell the brand for the past year, the roof finally caved in when a deal with Chinese manufacturer Sichuan Tengzhong Heavy Industrial Machines Company fell through. Apparently, the deal collapsed due to resistance from Chinese regulators, who oddly appear no longer down with Hummer-scale CO_2 emissions.

Why anyone would not welcome the Hummer with open arms and open wallets is beyond me. They weigh over eight thousand pounds – that's like the combined weight of 300 bicycles. Who wouldn't want 300 bicycles? Why do you hate bicycles, China?

China's choice is not what troubles me the most. What truly troubles me is how this reflects on Americans. What does this say about American consumerism? Have we turned our backs on this mobile incarnation of the American dream?

The Hummer became commercially available after Arnold Schwarzenegger caught glimpse of an Army convoy while filming a movie in the '80s. His persistence paid off, and this once-military vehicle turned civilian. The average soccer mom or businessman could finally drive like soldiers.

As Americans, spending a lot of money on unnecessary things is what we do best, and at one time in our nation's history we could stand proudly by that statement. Somehow we've lost our affluent American sense of pride. This glorious monster of a vehicle that endearingly guzzled our gas and boldly raised a metaphorical middle finger to the environment is no more. No longer can 16-year-old girls bulldoze pedestrians in their pink caravans. No longer can we perform a sudden military excursion to the grocery store. No longer can we satisfy the urge to go off-roading on the way to work. (Not that we actually would because the car costs way too much money to get dirty. Having the option was nice, wasn't it?)

Now what options do we have? Do we all go out and buy hybrids? If the Hummer is the Governator of the car world, the hybrid is the Al Gore. The Hummer a raw steak, the hybrid, tofu.

The Hummer was worth the 13 mpg in the city, and it was worth the $60,000 spent because it provided something you cannot put a price on: intimidation. I can't think of a better reason to purchase a car than being able to frighten someone into thinking they've unexpectedly entered a war zone simply by pulling up beside them at a red light.

With their beautiful, boxy exterior and their spaceship-like interior containing more dials than I know what to do with, Hummers were once the rulers of the road. But now, Hummers enter their final stage of extinction. When I glimpse one of the remaining few I release a sigh of defeat and shed one tear of sadness, only one. February 24th is marked on my calendar as a day of mourning, as a turning point for America, as the day the Hummer died and with it, my American pride.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

WHEN SOMNABULISM STRIKES

words **SAMUEL TEPE**
art **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

Somnambulism. Go ahead and say it with me, five times fast. Somnambulism, somnambulism, somnambulism, somnambulism, somnambulism.

Somnambulism is a sleep condition in which walking, talking and other motor skills are performed while asleep — the scientific term for sleepwalking. Somnambulists can often be spotted by their expressionless faces, Frankenstein arms, pajamas and overall absence of consciousness.

Although there has been quite a bit of medical research done on somnambulists, the world of sleepwalking is still largely a mystery. To get a better understanding of the syndrome at hand, I spoke with University of Oregon freshman and notorious sleepwalker Peter Reynolds.

Reynolds has a long history of sleepwalking, with documentation of incidents dating as far back as elementary school. Having knowingly sleepwalked over a dozen times, the latest incident being last autumn, Reynolds considers sleepwalking to be a "despicable problem of his." Despite being unable to remember the incidents, Reynolds has pieced together enough information to determine that his 'occasional' indulgence in alcohol triggers his incidents.

Sleepwalking is a virtually unpredictable condition that strikes its victims in the stillness of night. Typically when a person falls asleep, certain chemical processes temporarily paralyze the body and inhibit the sleeper from walking. This chemical activity is missing when somnambulists sleepwalk. There are millions of people who sleepwalk, but the degree to which this disorder manifests depends solely on the individual at hand.

> "It is controversial as to whether or not I have pissed in my sister's jewelry box."

Stress, lack of sleep, intoxication and, ironically, sleep medications have been credited for the activation of sleep walking incidents. Sleepwalkers are neither awake nor asleep, so the intentions of their unconscious actions are debatable. Due to the amnesic side effects of the phenomenon, it is up to eyewitnesses to provide information about the activities of sleepwalkers.

In Reynolds' case, sleepwalking leads to bigger problems. Nocturnal enuresis (bedwetting) is a reoccurring theme in his sleep adventures. Although he has never wet his bed, he has watered an array of other things. "I have pissed on my friend's couch, and I've tried peeing in another guy's fridge, but his mom walked in –– apparently my pants were at my ankles," he said.

In the midst of the night, his subconscious mind takes control. With the intent of emptying a bladder filled with the fermented nectar of God, Reynolds is pulled out of bed. "It is controversial as to whether or not I have pissed in my sister's jewelry box," he said, but clearly his uncontrollable fluid destruction may cause concern for future roommates.

Despite the dangers of sleepwalking, Reynolds has not taken any steps towards suppressing the syndrome. He occasionally erects a guardrail that surrounds the perimeter of his bunk bed to deter his mischief, but he admits that this minimal effort won't do much to prevent future sleepwalking incidents.

Whether he likes it or not, Reynolds recognizes that sleepwalking is just something he has to live with. Some sleepwalkers grow out of the habit at a certain point in their life, while others wake up with DUIs, severe and surprising weight gain, painted pets, and urine-stained couches.

REWRITING THE Rx

UNDERAGED, OVERPRESCRIBED

words **JOSEPH SAVAGE**
art **NICK JACOBS**

For students, the word summer still signifies freedom. It represents a brief three-month period of glory, when all the maddening bullshit is stopped, and the sun rains down everywhere. But eventually, the word will lose its meaning. Oh Summer, I won't be a student forever, and I will miss you when you're just another season to work through — when you're nothing more than three months divided into 40-hour weeks and corresponding paychecks. So I say this: Take advantage of that time. Make summer a life-changing event.

From autumn to spring, our schedules are hectic, our bodies overworked, our minds full of stress. We push constantly to get it all done: maintain a social life, meet professors, cultivate relationships and keep that GPA from dropping too drastically. Amidst all the madness there are endless pharmaceutical drugs, easily accessed and readily available, to help get us through. Ask and you shall receive little pills to quell your anxieties, improve your performance or just simply help you escape the burden of student life. We are Generation Rx and we know not what we do.

So what I'm proposing this summer is a project — a detox sesh — an Rx test. Of course, when dealing with meds of any kind, you should always consult a specialist. So just do it, University of Nike. Lace up your neon Airs and glide into that office and say, "Doc, I wanna try some of this life without the meds."

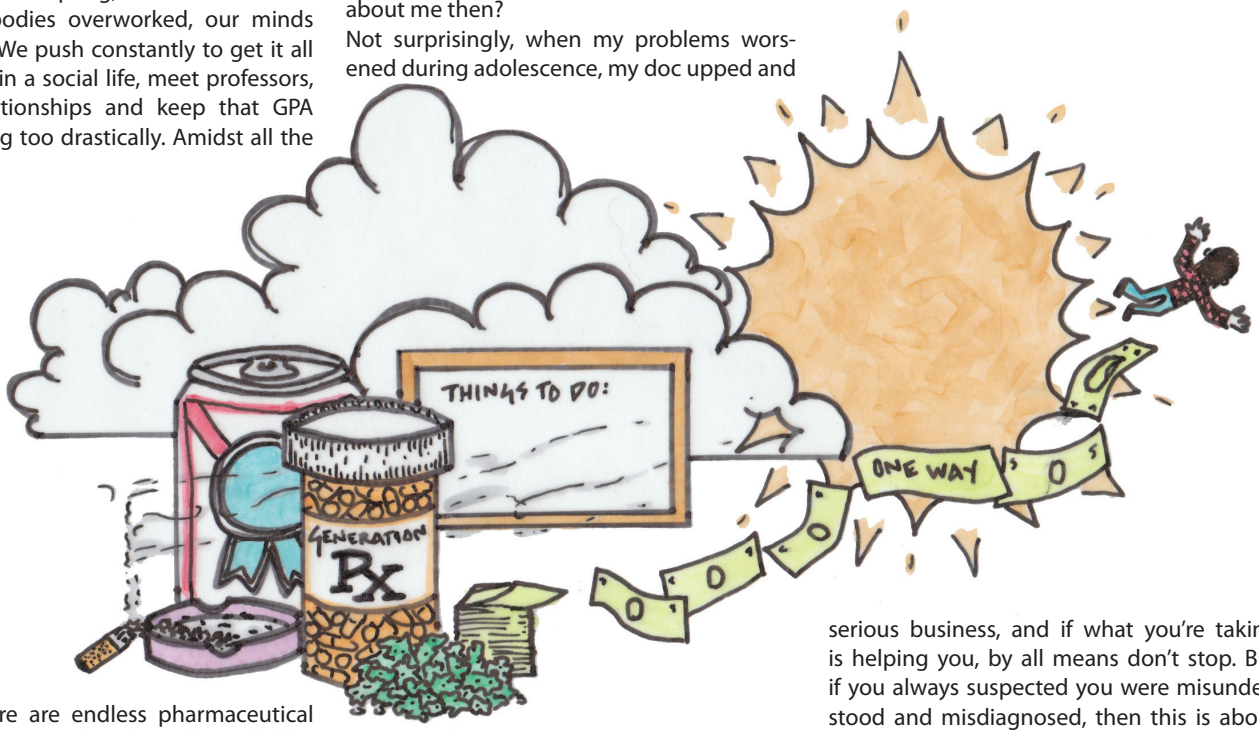
According to the Office of National Drug Control Policy, every day approximately 7,000 Americans age 12 and older use prescription drugs for non-medical reasons for the first time. Numerous reports identify Adderall as the most common pill on campus, followed by the old-school Ritalin, and finally the many categories of barbiturates, which combined make up the majority. This can only mean that the kids on campus who legally have the medicine feel they don't need it and sell it. This is hardly surprising, as there are over a million kids in this country who are misdiagnosed, according to an August 2010 article in Science Daily. I bet it's more.

Those who are prescribed Adderall were typically put on the med at a young age. I was seven when the Ritalin came around. Seven years old! What the hell did anyone know about me then?

Not surprisingly, when my problems worsened during adolescence, my doc upped and changed my drugs. By the time I was 21, I'd been on all kinds of things: Ritalin, Adderall, Lithium, Seroquel, Valium, Oxycodone, etc. The same shit you see around campus today. The same shit your parents and friends have. You name it, they tried it one me. From the age of seven to 21, I did not really make a decision for myself. All the questioning my sanity made me think I would never be able to. But hey, I've made it out of college and into a 'respectable' grad-school. So I'm alright. And I don't take meds. I haven't for six years now — aside from a slight coffee addiction, an occasional toke and, of course, the Universitarian alcohol diet.

For me, the change all started with one summer. I was all doped up, working a full-time job, and carrying 20 credits. You know the drill. Stressed out of mind, I abandoned my apartment lease, moved back in with the folks, saved three grand, bought a plane ticket and a Euro-Rail pass and set out alone with a backpack and three changes of clothes for a summer adventure in Europe. I didn't make a single plan, not one reservation, and I left the pills back home in my bathroom medicine cabinet. I was going to see what I was really like once and for all.

Now, I can't recommend anything to anyone. I'm just here to plant the idea. These talks begin with your Doc. Getting off this shit is serious business, and if what you're taking is helping you, by all means don't stop. But if you always suspected you were misunderstood and misdiagnosed, then this is about summer freedom, the freedom to consider new alternatives.



It all starts with an idea. It could be to eat right instead of smoke pot. It could be to substitute fruit for coffee, or running for cigs. It could be a long travel, a solo journey. Summer could be an adventure into knowing one's self a little more. The richest self-exploration begins by confronting the self head-on, opening up inside, admitting some of the things you know you have to without the influence of all those meds and self-medicates. This summer could be the one in which you fly high without the behavior modifiers weighing on your mind. Can you pass the Rx Test?

EUGENE'S GOT SOL

SOLAR ENERGY'S PLACE IN THE PNW

words **NICK JACOBS**
art **KIMBER GRIESSER**

In Eugene's soggy, grey climate, sun-dependent commodities like sunglasses, short shorts and solar panels are purely for show nine months of the year. Occasionally we enjoy unexpected spells of mid-winter sun, just long enough to introduce those steez-enhancing Ray-Bans to the amphitheater. But before the puddles have time to dry, the ubiquitous clouds swallow up the sun. It makes me wonder, are those photovoltaic cells blanketing the Lillis Complex nothing but an act of desperation, showcasing Eugene's pretension and commitment to earthly piousness? Are they as worthless as Ray-Bans?

Eugene's number of clear days hovers around 75 annually, which seems hardly enough to support solar energy. It turns out this is a total misconception. Per capita, Germany is the world's largest outfitter of solar energy, and it is latitudinally further north than Eugene. According to the Portland-based non-profit, Solar Oregon, Berlin receives less sun than the cloudiest place in our state, Astoria. Weird.

If Germany's doing it, so can we. The question is how do we do it? According to UO Physics Professor, Gregory Bothun, there are two ways that we harness the sun's energy. "It's primary photovoltaics [or PVs] — the conversion of photons into electrons — or solar-thermal, which means you use the heat of the usn to basically heat [water] up and turn it into steam." Besides, Bothun says, "At the residential scale, you can get about a third of your electricity out of your roof, averaged over the year anywhere in the U.S."

If you're worried about money, the Oregon Solar Energy Industries Association reports that financial incentives could subsidize between 70 and 80 percent of the cost for residences and even more for businesses.

In Eugene, the Du'Ma Community, an ecologically minded co-op with eight residents, have both solar-thermal and PV panels. Du'Ma's 42 panels, installed four years ago with seven kilowatts of generation capacity, "provide 50 percent of our electricity needs over the course of a year," says Allen Hancock, the co-op's director.

The two solar-thermal panels they have "will heat our 80 gallons up to 145 degrees. As long as we have a reasonably sunny, warm day, we've got all the hot water we need," he says.

"Dollar for dollar, [solar-thermal panels are a much better investment [than PVs]] … They take up less space, they're pretty straightforward and they require a much lower capital investment," says Hancock. During the summer, their panels collect so much energy they can sell their excess to EWEB for, get this, dollar bills (well, actually, they're energy credits, but still).

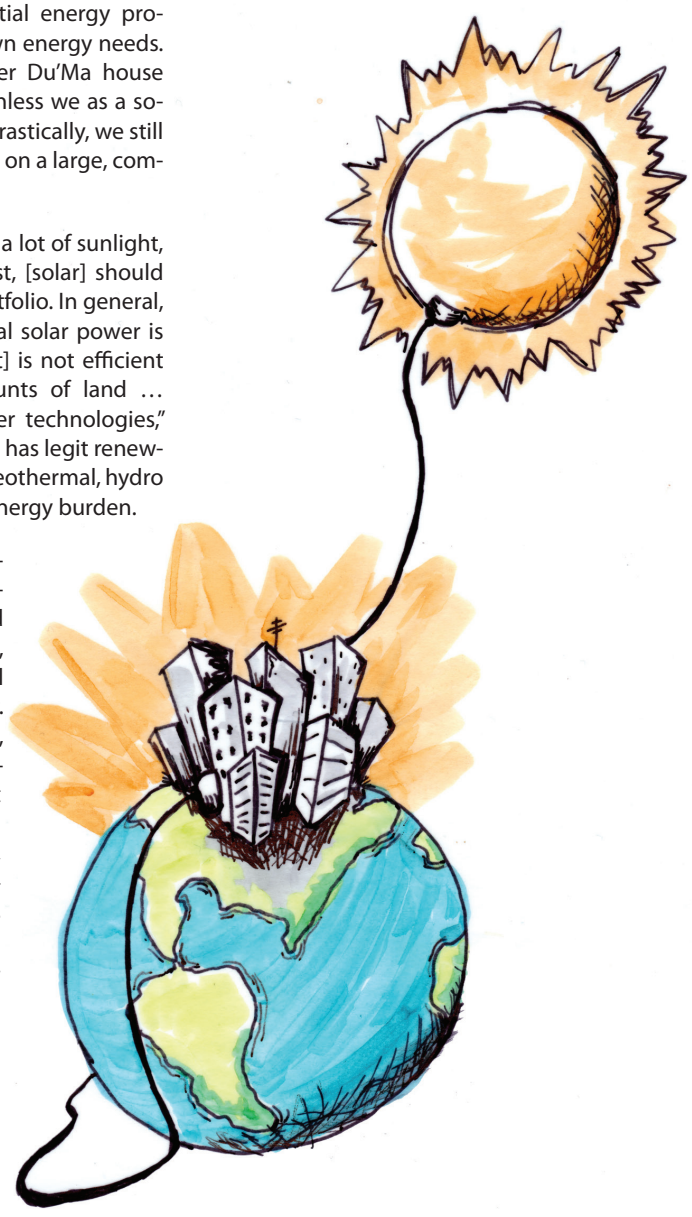
While solar energy might seem straightforward enough — install panels, save energy — it's necessary to consider their scale. The Du'Ma Community, residential energy producers, only considers its own energy needs. And even the eight-member Du'Ma house can't rely strictly on solar. Unless we as a society can cut consumption drastically, we still need energy to be produced on a large, commercial scale.

"In a region where you have a lot of sunlight, like the American Southwest, [solar] should be a part of your energy portfolio. In general, for other regions commercial solar power is not very cost effective … [It] is not efficient and it requires large amounts of land … You're better off using other technologies," says Bothun. Luckily, Oregon has legit renewable energy resources, like geothermal, hydro and wind, to help ease the energy burden.

Unless you've been living under a rock (or more appropriately, near a moss-covered outcrop deep in the forest), climate change and peak oil are probably on your radar. Despite the controversy, both exist. Although complex, you need only look at the recent cases of extreme weather — floods, blizzards, hurricanes, droughts, etc. — to realize that something's up with the climate. Peak oil is further shrouded in mystery because governments, the oil industry and gnarly geologic formations like to keep it that way. But one thing's for sure — our consumption's increasing while our production is not. Fancy that.

It may be easy to forget, or even resent, the sun when it seems to vanish nine months of the year, rendering your $100 Ray-Bans useless. Yet despite our gloomy weather, solar energy makes sense in Oregon. And with an impending ecological/energy crisis, why not take preventative measures rather than reactive ones? Implementing a residential, small-scale and decentralized approach to solar in conjunction with a diverse renewable energy portfolio and a simpler, less consumptive lifestyle, we can kick our fossil fuel habit.

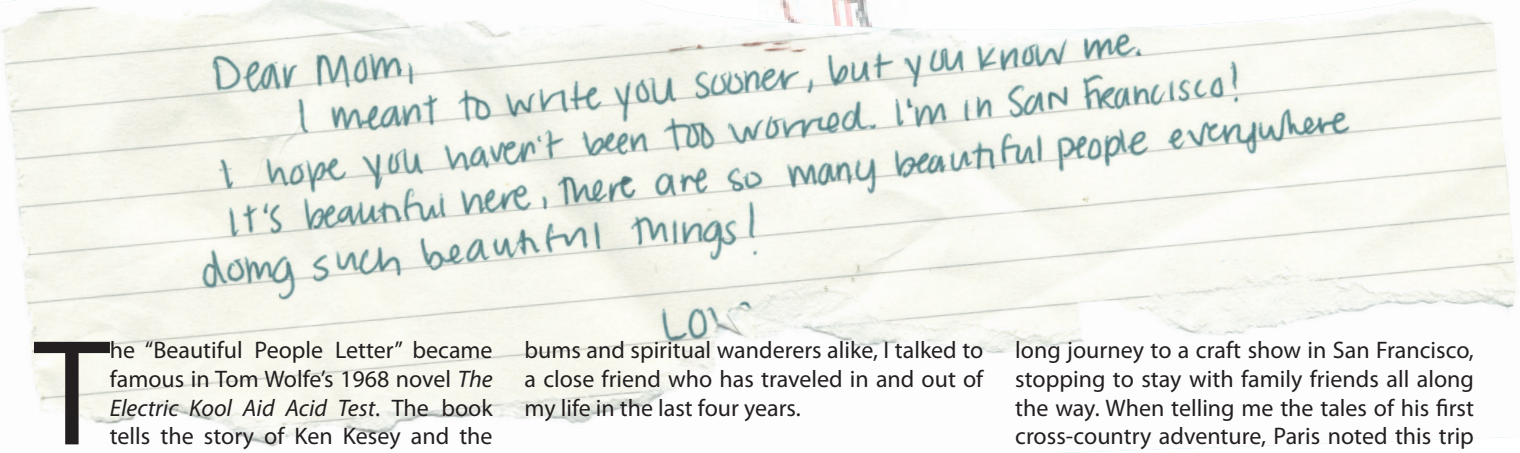
See you in the amphitheater.



HOME SWEET

No money, no problems for nomads on the open road.

words and art **CARA MERENDINO**


Dear Mom,
I meant to write you sooner, but you know me.
I hope you haven't been too worried. I'm in San Francisco!
It's beautiful here, there are so many beautiful people everywhere
doing such beautiful things!
LOVE

The "Beautiful People Letter" became famous in Tom Wolfe's 1968 novel *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*. The book tells the story of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters on their psychedelic cross-country adventures and experiments with LSD in Kesey's house in La Honda, California. The "Beautiful People Letter" is best described as a form letter, referencing postcards sent home by hippies to pacify their worrying mothers. Since the '60s, this nomadic spirit has grown into an entire "traveler" subculture. It even has its own genre of literature, made famous by Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* and, more recently, Jon Krakauer's *Into the Wild*.

For a deeper look into contemporary traveler culture and what makes Eugene a hotspot for hitchhikers, trainhoppers, crustpunks, neo-hippies, Dead Heads, rubbertramps, homebums and spiritual wanderers alike, I talked to a close friend who has traveled in and out of my life in the last four years.

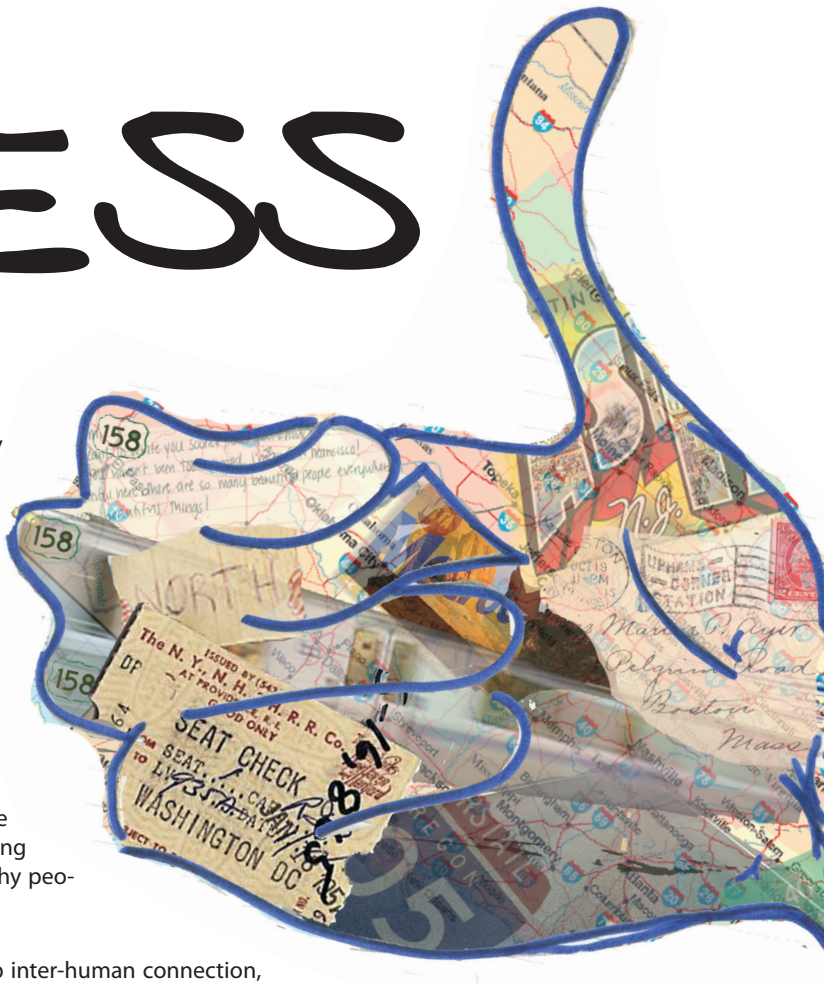
The trouble with defining *traveler culture* is that it groups millions of individuals who are on the road for different reasons into one category. One of those individuals is Paris Polseno-Hensley, who, though the days we've spent together could be counted on one hand, I consider a soul brother. The nature of our relationship has always been in between the seams, snippets of real moments with a friend-of-a-friend that felt much more like family than a stranger.

Paris first traveled across the country when he was nine years old. He took time off from the third grade (what a badass!) and took to the highways with his parents on a two-month-long journey to a craft show in San Francisco, stopping to stay with family friends all along the way. When telling me the tales of his first cross-country adventure, Paris noted this trip as the first time he realized that he could have friends everywhere, an early glimpse at what would one day be a fundamental part of his life philosophy.

After being dosed with an eternal spell of wanderlust, it was not too long before Paris left his childhood home in Floyd, Virginia, a place he describes as somewhere where "we could be princes if we wanted to be." That's because Floyd is filled with large plots of fertile farmland that hold infinite possibility. Sticking around Floyd wasn't in the cards for Paris though.

In recent years, Paris has spent time between

HOMELESS



here in the States and abroad in Europe, stopping every so often at his West Coast home base in (get this!) La Honda, California, where his vivacious and illustrious partner, Vanessa spent her youth. With so much moving around, I couldn't help but wonder if a desire for *home* was ever present on the road.

"Everywhere is home, I can't not be home … It's always here because I carry [it] on my back," Paris told me. He explained that some places are more hospitable to passersby, and Eugene is part of a network of cities that exude a welcoming sense of hominess. "There are places everywhere that are on what I guess you could only describe as a word-of-mouth map of magic spots … safe-towns of acceptance, communities near mountains, hot springs. There's an aura of secrecy [surrounding these places], but it's no secret … places you can go and know that you'll be met with love."

To many, traveling as a lifestyle is a direct defiance of societal norms and expectations of success, specifically material success. Several travelers I spoke with around Eugene mentioned the freedom and lightness that comes with carrying only one's self and a backpack. Without the stresses of a conventional nine-to-five and no bills to pay, travelers are free to experience bits and pieces of life everywhere. That seems to be the crux of it all: Everyone who lives life in transit has gotten there by different turns of events, but the community is held tight based on a mutual appreciation of human kindness.

"To many, traveling as a lifestyle is a direct defiance of societal norms an expectations of success, specifically material successes."

But not everybody on the road is a good-hearted rambler. "There's a lot of pirates on the road … swashbucklin', take-all … but then there's the shining light opposite of that, and that's family. Eugene is full of those true people I'm talking about, and that's why people are drawn here."

The search for deep inter-human connection, regardless of who one is in society, unifies the traveling community. With no guarantees of future ties with the strangers met along the highways, focus is shifted away from the societal definition of what it means to "know someone," and instead allows room to be honest. Paris explained it as "the freeness and openness that comes with pouring to a total stranger." This is a feeling that I have personally experienced in one encounter with Craigslist Rideshare down the 'Five last summer. After nine hours in a car with a pending friend who, until I stepped into his white sedan, was a complete stranger, I had engaged in one of the most honest and open conversations I have ever had. It was only in *not* knowing my new friend that I was able to *get* to know his secrets because as a stranger I posed no looming judgments.

There are thousands (or tens of thousands, but how would they do a census?) of people on the road who Paris would regard as epic heroes, seekers of adventure. He told me, "There's trainhoppers and hitchhikers and hippies and druggies and spiritual wanderers and rich kids and everyone on the road. But we are all seekers. If you like traveling, every part of the journey is an adventure, even the passing of time." Traveling from here to there allows the individual to be a hero, a wanderer, a pioneer, a renegade, an explorer, a spiritual pilgrim. It opens the doors to appreciate the finite slivers of time that we have with those "beautiful people," each with something to give, be it a ride, a conversation or a smile. With that mindset, a wanderer never really is lost. I asked Paris for a piece of advice for anyone wanting to travel. His reply: "You can never get frustrated about rides, because the one who is gonna pick you up is still on the way."

DO YA KNOW? DO YA KNOW? DO YA KNOW?

IT'S LEGAL TO HITCHHIKE IN THE STATE OF OREGON IF YOU ARE FACING THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC.

SHHH...
MOCHI'S SLEEPING
ume grill
Taste teriyaki for the first time
Offering grilled teriyaki sirloin, wasabi coleslaw, tsukemono pickles, steamed rice and coconut cream mochi, made chi-chi dango style. We use only the finest local ingredients, when available.
2 SKEWER BOWL $5
3 SKEWER BOWL $6
With mention of this ad
Offer good until March 2011
A Neighborhood Food Cart
19th & Agate St. Eugene, OR
Tue-Fri 5:30-9:00, Sat 1:00-7:00
Curb-side pick-up to go call 541.844.2351

SUMMER TRAVEL TIPS

words **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

1. Do not take a Greyhound bus. Even in the winter the inside reeks of sweat and B.O. Even worse, whenever somebody shits in the on-board bathroom, it sits there baking, filling the entire bus with the smell of the shitter's last meal.
2. For long trips, make sure you bring enough mind-altering substances to last the entire time, especially ones that can be taken discretely and do not make you freak out, such as edibles or sleep aids like Xanax.
3. Charge your electronics. Not only do they help pass the time, but they can also help you to avoid awkward conversations with creepy strangers.
4. Make sure to dress for the heat. You don't want to be that person who makes the entire travel compartment uninhabitable.
5. Don't pack any disgusting-smelling foods. Examples would be egg salad, bologna, bean dip or anything with mayonnaise in it.
6. Pack plenty of thirst-quenching beverages. I usually just drink water, but Gatorade and beer also work.
7. Make sure to have an air freshener. Summer is hot as fuck, so it would be wise to bring something to hide the smell of sweat or that egg salad you still decided to pack after reading this.
8. Go somewhere near the beach because what's summer without a beach? Preferably go to one with a pier that has a Ferris wheel.
9. Find an ice cream truck or cart, and buy a Big Stick. They're so fucking good.
10. If you are going on a road trip, don't stop at any 'sights.' It's too hot to appreciate the "Head Smashed in Buffalo Jump" museum or similar roadside attractions. Save the breaks for ice cream shops and beach side attractions.
11. Before going on that road trip, read *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac. Even though your trip will never measure up to his, it will get you pumped.
12. Bring a lucky rabbit foot and don't walk under any ladders. Traveling can be dangerous, so you want all the luck you can get.

SUGAR MAMA:

pdx ice cream vendor keeps summer sweet

words **NOAH DEWITT**
art **CHELSEY BOEHNKE**

"Ice cream is exquisite. What a pity it isn't illegal." -Voltaire

Addiction is not often associated with the classic American childhood. But I realize now that most of my peers and I got through our early years largely from fix to fix. Our drug — the stuff our parents bribed us with — was pure white pharmaceutical-grade granulated Colombian cane sugar, a substance clinically proven to cause energetic highs followed by crushing lows until the user can scrounge enough change for another dose. In the summertime, I enjoyed sugar most in the form of a Choco Taco.

The Choco Taco represents the pinnacle of American culinary innovation: thick vanilla ice cream, dark chocolate syrup and crumbled roasted peanuts, all sandwiched snugly in a hard, sugar-cone shell. A seal of milk chocolate keeps contents from crumbling out, making it a more structurally sound version of its savory Mexican counterpart.

When I think of summer, my mind instantly jumps to the ice cream man, the local frozen-treat pusher who made daily rounds to my block, summoning fructose fiends with that ubiquitous looped ditty. While he may have enabled my Choco Taco "problem," his ice cream therapy helped me through myriad summertime trials (e.g. uncomfortable warmth, tumultuous allowance negotiations and an embarrassingly low little league batting average).

In every city and every county of every state in the USA, there is someone who sells ice cream to kids.

For much of North and Northeast Portland, Jennelle Dunn is that someone. For the past five summers, the 28-year-old Oregon native has driven a motorized freezer around NoPo, selling Fudgesicles, sherbet Ninja Turtles with gumball eyes and Strawberry Shortcake bars to a mostly pre-pubescent clientele.

Dunn's boss is Mick Shillingford, owner of Portland Ice Cream Company (PICC), the primary warehouse distributor for ice cream vendors statewide. "Mick oversees and foresees all," said Dunn. If someone is trafficking Choco Tacos in the state of Oregon, Shillingford knows about it.

Slangin' ice cream has added meaning to Dunn's life, she told me. When you spend your days satisfying kids' most basic desire, their ecstasy is bound to rub off on you.

Although she works in what might be the jolliest profession ever, her life hasn't always been so breezy. "My father passed away when I was young, so I had trouble all throughout high school," she said. "I went to a night high school program, though, and I was working at the same time. I got my GED, and I was going to continue on to get my diploma, but shortly after turning 18, I became pregnant and had a daughter. I have two children now. Two girls."

As a single mother, Dunn worked as much as she could in warehouses and fast food joints, but in 2006, she lost her job and remained unemployed for six months. "Every day I was constantly filling out applications and going to interviews. Then finally, I came across Mick at the Portland Ice Cream Company, and he instantly said, 'Yeah, come in tomorrow' … It just kind of progressed from there."

She now works as a hand in the PICC warehouse, a vendor in the company's fleet and, in the off-season, a hostess at Shillingford's restaurant, The Fish and Chip Shop on North Killingsworth Street.

"I'm hoping that at the beginning of this summer I may be starting my own ice cream van as well," Dunn told me. "I'll kind of get to split off from the company and have my own little side business."

And although Shillingford will be losing a valuable vendor, he supports this endeavor. "Mick and I have been talking about it since last year, and he's going to redesign my contract so that I am able to vend on my own," she said.

With her own van, Dunn will be able to take her daughters Almaleena and Annaka along on her rounds more often. "They're so excited. They want to sell other things besides ice cream, like licorice ropes and cotton candy," she said. This summer, she'll be brightening the season of summer for her daughters, not to mention the neck-scratching sugar junkies of Northeast Portland.

SUMMER FESTIVAL GUIDE

PACK YOUR BAGS FOR A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF 2011'S BEST WEST COAST MUSIC FESTS

art JENNIFER BUSBY

SASQUATCH!

Tickets to the Woodstock of the Northwest are expensive (at least $285), and don't factor in the cost of camping, travel or food. Expect to drop at least another hundred on the essentials (your party drugs of choice not included). The campground is notorious for topless twenty-somethings, spontaneous dance parties and roving bands of friendly Canadians. If you're headed to George, Washington this year for the expanded four-day festival, expect both lasting memories and (depending on what substances you consume) long stretches of amnesia. Check the lineup ahead of time to make sure you're getting your money's worth—confirmations so far include Foo Fighters, Wolf Parade and Das Racist.

Memorial Day Weekend (May 27-30)
http://sasquatchfestival.com

words JENNIFER BUSBY

PDX POP! NOW

Portland's all-ages free music festival is devoted to nurturing local talent. Flock to Rotture mid-summer in the SE Industrial district to catch bands big and small that call the Rose City home. Wedged between warehouses, the outdoor stage transforms a block of Third Street into an echo chamber. The festival also produces a compilation CD featuring a variety of local talent. Be sure to check out the trendiest in two-wheeled transportation and stop by the makeshift portrait station. (Full disclosure: Voice staffer Chilly Willy was included on the 2010 compilation CD and yours truly can be found in the online portrait gallery.) Artists are chosen by committee—they're accepting submissions through the end of February.

Late July-Early August
pdxpopnow.com; http://tylerkohlhoff.com/ppn_portraits/

words JENNIFER BUSBY

MFNW

Musicfest Northwest, Portland's response to SXSW, is a weeklong bonanza in late summer when venues large and small coordinate to open their doors for packed lineups. The festival has featured big names such as Major Lazer, as well as up-and-coming bands. A wristband will get you into almost all of the shows, or you can buy tickets for individual events. Skip the wristband if you're underage--there are rarely enough all-ages shows to make it worth the cash (wristband access ran from $65-175 last year). Check out free daytime shows at the Wonder Ballroom in NE Portland that have included Ra Ra Riot, Ratatat, Les Savy Fav and Washed Out.

Early September
www.musicfestnw.com

words JENNIFER BUSBY

SMMRBMMR

SMMRBMMR brings together a host of local and regional punk bands for a festival at SE Portland's Plan B. Beer is cheap, and patio seating is abundant. The only thing missing from this parking lot punk show is an inflatable kiddie pool. Highlights from last year's three-day event included Therapists, the surf-inspired Guantanamo Baywatch and Sex Church. Sets start mid-afternoon and run into the wee hours. 2010 tickets were $12 a day, while $28 bought a wristband good for the duration of the weekend.

August 12-13, 2011
www.smmrbmmr.com

words JENNIFER BUSBY

WULAPALOOZA

Wulapalooza is Willamette University's celebration of earth, art and music. 2010 headliners included Japandroid and The Dodos. Expect a crowd of university students equipped with enough hemp clothing, tie dye, and facepaint to make most UO students look like buttoned-up business majors. The one-day event in Salem is free, so hitch a ride up and spend Saturday lounging on a lawn with hula hoopers and fire-dancers.

April 23, 2011
http://www.willamette.edu/org/wulapalooza/

words JENNIFER BUSBY

WANDERLUST

Yoga. Music. Nature.

Held in late July on the grounds of the Squaw Valley Olympic Ski Resort, Wanderlust is a summer Mecca for young DJ drifter hippies and health junkies alike. This four-day feast for the mind and body takes base in the beautiful Sierra Nevada Mountains, about fifteen minutes from Lake Tahoe.

Gondola rides, art exhibitions, yoga and meditation courses, organic vendors, riverside hammock camping, speakeasies, and an organic food co-op keep concertgoers enchanted during the day. Once the moon is out, headlining artists such as Moby, Pretty Lights and Bassnectar spur an energetic dance party. Tickets to this recently birthed festival are affordable and pets are welcome. They go on sale in February.

July 28-31
www.wanderlustfestival.com

words SAMUEL TEPE

FYF FEST (FORMERLY FUCK YEAH FEST)

FYF Fest is a Garage/Punk/Noise/Metal music festival in downtown Los Angeles Historic State Park. Along with the music are booths selling clothes, records, art and carnival games. It happens every year in late August or early September. Pre-sale tickets are under $25, otherwise they're $30. Past headliners include Black Lips, No Age, The Rapture, Circle Jerks and Panda Bear. The only things that suck about the festival are (1) It's hot as fuck, (2) super long lines and (3) they confiscate your water.

FYF also sponsors shows year round with all the sick bands that play their festival.

Late August-Early September
http://fyffest.com

words JOSEPH DE SOSA

COACHELLA

Coachella is the West Coast's music-fest mother ship, and it's worth going to although it takes place on an academically critical weekend in the middle of spring term and is located 990 miles from Eugene. Historically, the musicians curated for this monumental gathering have been legendary — and for a $269 ticket, they had better be. When I attended in 2010, I checked Gorillaz, Major Lazer, Thom Yorke, Yeasayer, LCD Sound System and Jay Z (along with his beloved!) off my list of must-see performers. Art installations and chill spots permeate the arid festival grounds. Accommodations are sketch so be prepared to wake up in a thousand-degree tent at dawn surrounded by So-Cal scoundrels. Tickets for this year's bonanza sold out in six days, so get ready to sell some organs to afford black-market prices.

April 16-18
Coachella.com

words NOAH DEWITT

SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

If Musicfest Northwest is the South By Southwest of the Northwest, consider South By Southwest the Musicfest Northwest of the Southwest. This Austin, Texas music and art festival spans four days (nine if you count the film festival) and features literally thousands of artists spread over nearly 100 venues. Even though the shows are at traditional venues in a city as opposed to tents at a fairground, attendees still buy wristband passes for the whole weekend that gain access to any show. This year's festival will feature bands such as El Guincho, Candy Claws, A-Trak, Miami Horror, Toro y Moi and James Blake. The music starts on March 16.

SXSW.com

words WILLIAM MEHIGAN

SEA BELL:

Eugene's Biggest Band is just Getting Started

words **WILLIAM MEHIGAN**
photos **SREANG HOK**

Sea Bell is not just a poem from the Lord of the Rings trilogy about a hobbit's fear of the ocean — it is also Eugene's biggest and best-dressed band, and things are only getter bigger and better dressed for them. Over the past few years the band's size and popularity have increased. What started out as three friends in a band from Canby, Oregon has now become a collective of fifteen-ish planning a West Coast tour and recording a highly anticipated album. They've accrued a large fan-base in Eugene with their lively yet highly musical shows at the Campbell Club, the WOW Hall, Luckey's, 2010's Willamette Valley Music Festival and many other venues.

To find out the secrets to their success, I went to one of their twice-weekly practice sessions to have a chat with nine of them. Like their shows, which seem to have slightly different lineups every time, the interview featured the nucleus of the band and also some of the surrounding membrane. The endoplasmic reticulum was noticeably absent.

The core songwriting crew is Leslie Robert, Devin Brown and Madi Becker, who are the three founding members of the band. One of them will come up with a song and present it to the rest of the band, and from there the whole band fills out the. "Everyone puts down their own parts and spends a lot of time figuring out what to play and how the structure goes," said Becker. They agree that although the songwriting process is a more complicated and longer process with a bigger band, it's fun and good for the music.

With so many members, the band's influences are difficult to pin down. "Whatever we individually are listening to at the time gets brought into individual songs that we make," said trombonist Daniel McIntire.

"We all write our own parts, and different parts have different influences and it all kind of mashes up in a cool way sometimes," added flutist Max Earnest.

Sea Bell's music evokes the big-banded glory of Broken Social Scene, the orchestral sound of Sufjan Stevens, the folksy stomp of Beirut and the garage rock of the Black Keys.

Another key to the awesomeness of Sea Bell is their live show. Their shows are fun and rowdy but also musically fulfilling. They often dress in costumes (sometimes themed) and have a boisterous sound that is great to rock out to. They also happen to be truly skilled musicians.

NO RESPECT

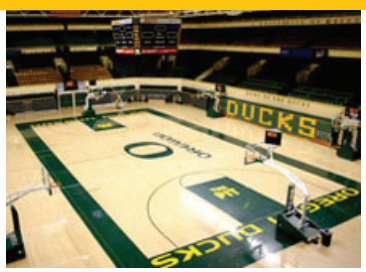
Managing Editor Tyler Pell gets hit by a car. Bike totalled.

U.S. farmers get ok to plant GMO Alfalfa without restriction.

Change in Horoscopes: The Oregon Voice is now a Scorpio.

R E S P E

Mac Court ceases operation.



PFC cuts *The Student Insurgent*'s budget by 20%. Whoa.

Coachella tickets sell out in less than a week.

When a huge group takes the stage with guitar, bass, ukulele, keyboard, mandolin, flute, violin, percussion, trombone, clarinet, trumpet and banjo, you may assume you are about to hear a big mess of people jamming in the same key with no coherent structure. But with Sea Bell you get an indie rock orchestra with a freewheeling spirit despite its organized structure, pretty harmonies, and ambitious songwriting. Their music alternates between sweet and chaotic without falling apart in the process.

When asked about their favorite Eugene venues to perform in, many band members said "The Campbell Club" in near unison. They love co-op shows because the crowds there are usually wild and energetic.

"Co-op shows are great," said Becker. "We're not always like 'Man, we sounded good,' but more like 'Man, that girl fell on my drums.'" On the opposite end of the spectrum, the band really enjoys WOW Hall shows because the sound system is so good. Sea Bell played there last year for *Ethos Magazine*'s Bandest of the Bands competition, which they won. They've also played many of the bars in Eugene. On the subject of bars, Brown cryptically remarked, "Black Forest actually has really good magic." Mystified by this disturbing comment, I nervously changed the subject to Sea Bell's plans for the future.

Over Spring break, Sea Bell plans to tour the West Coast, to California (where it feels like summer in the winter – kind of like this issue of the Oregon Voice!). These will be Sea Bell's first shows south of the 541. The band has already traveled north three times for separate shows in Washington.

They are currently recording an album, which they hope to have finished by the tour. They've been recording it for the past eight months. According to multi-instrumentalist Stephen Moore, the album is their baby, and some members felt confident that they would "finish it in nine months, like a real baby."

The natural segue after talking about babies was to talk about beer. Ninkasi sponsors Sea Bell, working to get them good shows that can simultaneously promote the local brewery. Seems like a win-win to me! Most notably, Ninkasi came exceptionally close to getting the band a spot in Austin's South by Southwest festival, a Mecca for up-and-coming artists. It ended up not working out because the liquor laws of Texas would not allow Ninkasi to sell beer at the show. "I think Ninkasi did all they could do while still being smart business-wise," said Brown. Sea Bell is grateful for Ninkasi's sponsorship not just for the sweet shows they book, but the sweet beers they provide to the bands and fans at the shows. "Sometimes we'll get free kegs for our shows if we can prove that a lot of people are drinking them," says Brown. What a sweet deal.

So there you have it. Sea Bell's secrets to success are mad skills, rad shows, infinite influences and local beer. They are inches away from hitting it big, so be sure to check these shooting stars as soon as possible!

Visit our website to catch an exclusive live session with Sea Bell at:
oregonvoice.com/category/XXXclusive

CRUM

MAD RESPECT

Yeasayer, A-Trak and RJD2 are confirmed for the currently unnamed free festival to be held on campus in the Spring.

Ninkasi's newest seasonal, Renewale, is released.

Despite an executive recommendation of -10%, the OV receives a 2.6% budget increase.

Eugene proposes residential bike corals

Taco Bell sued for containing only 36% beef in their "beef" option.

OV gets the biggest of new office spaces in The Break. 18H Mo'fuckas!

iPhone made availabe on Verizon.

SHADES OF GREY

BATTLING SADNESS IN CASCADIAN CLIMATE

words **LEIGH BOURGEOIS**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

If you've ever been to a game at Autzen stadium, you know it never rains. There may be a mist, a sprinkle, even a cool perfume of refreshment sent down courtesy of the Almighty himself. But no – never does it rain. Autzen is impregnable to bad weather. It is a fortress of victory, tribal chants and neon face-paint.

But scurrying around campus in the rain, the human mind is something less than a fortress. Alas, there is no baritone behind a loudspeaker to contest our wet fatigue.

Having the right kind of attitude to battle with days that are cold, wet and dark is something, I recently learned, that some of us have to work harder at than others. Seasonal Affective Disorder (S.A.D.) is a specifier of major depression and is especially prominent in regions with the drizzly climes of our great Pacific Northwest. In layman's terms, you get depressed in the winter.

Doctor Mark Evans, a psychologist at the University's Counseling Center, reports that in his experience, "often they are people who come from California or sunnier climates. And for me the question really is: is this physiological, or is this psychological? We don't have a test, necessarily, to distinguish those two."

Currently, the trademark treatment for S.A.D. is known as light therapy, which is often used in conjunction with antidepressant medication or psychotherapy. But how light therapy – which is supposed to mimic outdoor light through a small, portable light box – actually works, is not entirely understood by scientists today.

Doctor Evans agreed that it could have something to do with a Vitamin D deficiency. But psychologists and researchers have yet to find a successful cure for S.A.D. "The data is pretty thin to support any beneficial effect of light therapy," said Evans.

So then, what does work?

I spoke with Emma, a sophomore at the UO, who was diagnosed with S.A.D. in her junior year of high school. Emma, who wished to remain anonymous, is not a fan of light therapy. She would sit in front of the light box every morning and eat her breakfast, but to no avail. "I don't think I bought into it, and I don't think it helped me very much."

But Emma's grades were dropping in high school and she and her parents were deter-

mined to find a solution. She describes her body in the winter as going into "hibernation mode." "I felt really less inclined to do anything," she said.

After some unsuccessful attempts at psychotherapy, something that, Emma said, "just made me feel crazy," she did something that opened her mind to a new form of treatment: she tried hypnotherapy.

She said that she didn't think it helped her either, but that it was a "very deep state of relaxation" and she found it intriguing.

What hypnotherapy did lead her to, eventually, was something called mindfulness meditation, a form of Buddhism that she has been practicing for about a year now. In common practice, mindfulness meditation is both about being aware of your body and accepting your thoughts and feelings.

One of the things that attracted Emma to mindfulness meditation was her discovery that the minds of monks may literally be happier and more compassionate. In fact, what she came across was no quack science.

In a study published by the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Richard J. Davidson and his team found a striking difference between the minds of monks with 10,000-plus hours of meditation and their novice counterparts. In veteran monks, areas of the prefrontal cortex that register positive emotions were flooded with activity. In addition, regions of the brain that registered the perception of suffering also showed greater activity.

"I want my life to be about serving other people," Emma told me. "When you feel connected to other people you feel like you're going to be happier."

What does meditation – and Buddhism at-large – have to teach us about the way we think? I went to talk with religious studies professor Mark Unno to get the philosophy behind the science. The Buddha, after all, is more than 2,000 years older than Freud.

In fact, psychologists have been interested in Buddhism for quite some time. In his theory of individuation, of becoming a whole and fully integrated person, Carl Jung was indeed influenced by Buddhist wisdom. Professor Unno, who edited the recent collection of essays Buddhism and Psychotherapy Across Cultures, explained that what Jung found appealing in Buddhism was, "this emphasis on being contemplative in such a way that you don't leave anything out."

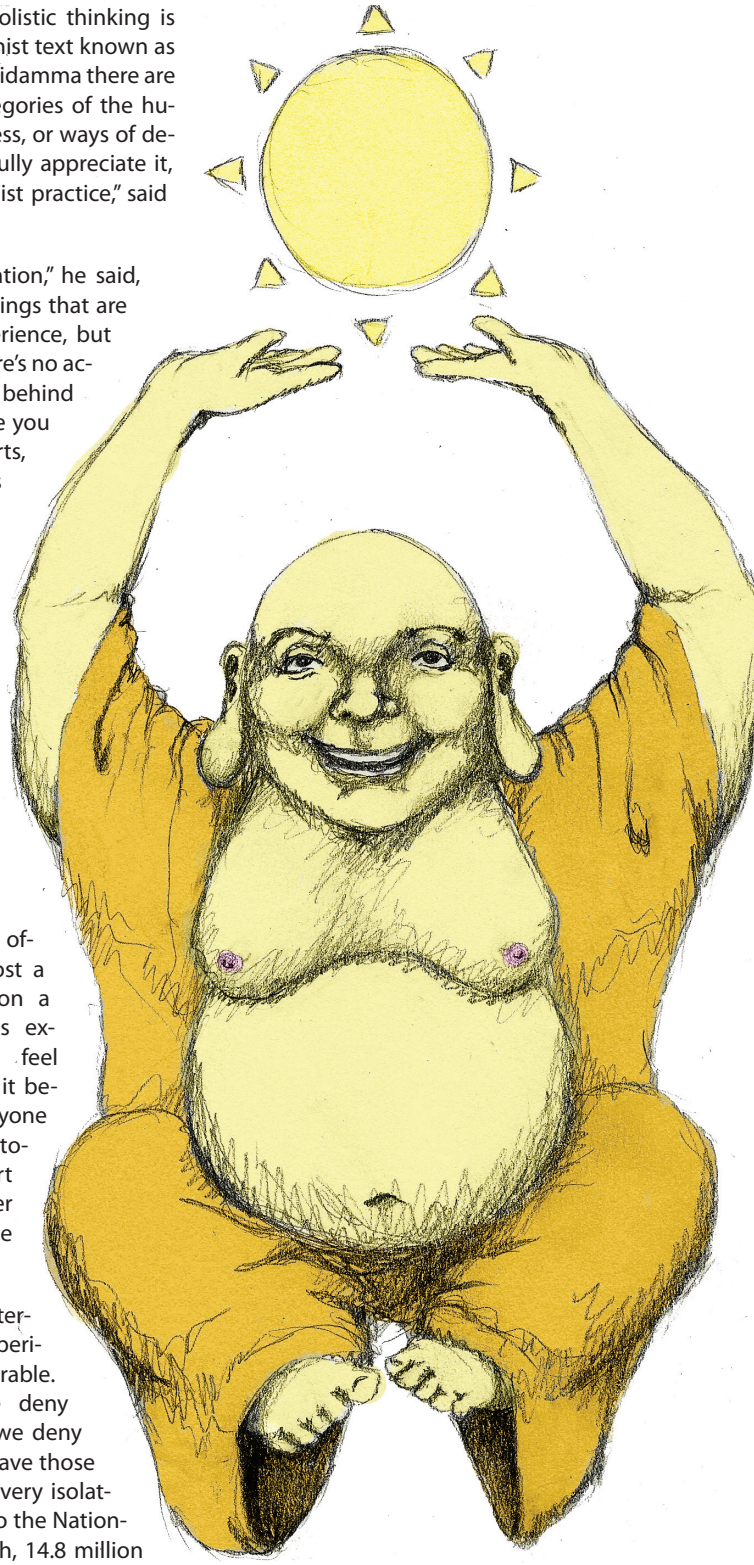
Evidence of this type of holistic thinking is apparent in the early Buddhist text known as the Abhidamma. In the Abhidamma there are 75 dharmas – discrete categories of the human body and consciousness, or ways of defining experience. "But to fully appreciate it, you have to go into Buddhist practice," said Unno.

"When you go into meditation," he said, "you can see all of these things that are helping to form your experience, but then you'll also see that there's no actor behind or experiencer behind all these components. Once you see all these different parts, then you'll also see there is no essence called self."

As Unno would later elaborate, Buddhist meditation is a way to remove the labels and attachments that we use to identify ourselves, but which also separate us from connecting with other people and parts of the world. When all the labels are gone, "everything flows into oneness."

Student grief groups, often for those who have lost a family member, operate on a similar principle. As Evans explained, "[students] may feel like their friends don't get it because they've never lost anyone who's died, but in coming together in a group you start to see, okay, there are other students who have gone through this."

What both practices counteract is the idea that our experiences are unique, unutterable. "In American culture we deny suffering, we deny death, we deny tragedy, so students who have those experiences often can feel very isolated," said Evans. According to the National Institute of Mental Health, 14.8 million Americans suffer from a major depressive disorder.



Currently, Emma said she is enjoying a class on mindfulness meditation offered through the University's Child and Family Center. She described her meditation process: "I feel like I get myself so relaxed, so disconnected from whatever I'm lying on, like my bed and thinking about my body, that I can really, really feel like I'm in this place."

To feel both disconnected and aware, to live in the rain, but not be engulfed by it: this is the Autzen of meditation. Can you hear that slow, booming melody?

SOWING THE SEEDS OF SUMMER

THE CONSTANT GARDENER

words **GRACE PETTYGROVE**
art **MARY HALL**

Few students manage to keep a garden. We're all so transient, often moving annually and leaving during summers. But I think that everyone should garden. There are the oft-expounded ideological reasons: The possibilities of hyper-local produce, a figment of hope that Eugene could survive without food stamps. There are also plenty of self-serving reasons to garden. I admit this without shame: I garden because it feels good. Sometimes a writer forgets that other parts of the body exist besides the mind and fingertips. Meandering around my front yard, I derive stupid pleasure from menial labor. Pick up this pot, move it over there. Lean over, pinch that weed. Stick the shovel into the dirt. Turn it.

Studies show that inhaling the microbes in soil causes your brain to release endorphins. That's why, scientifically speaking, gardeners are happier people. I haven't read these studies, but my neighbor told me about it. "I guess if you don't have time to garden, you should just go outside and huff some soil," he said.

When I garden I watch people walk by, and I pity them for not knowing what their own arms feel like. They pity me, too, for standing out in the rain with dirt on my face. It's healthy, I think. Pitying the stranger is an important element of self-respect, something we all deserve.

I've been living and gardening on and off at the same place for the last two years: the Campbell Club. You've probably partied at my house. You may even have drunkenly run through my garden once, trampling a tulip or two. If I catch you at it again, I'll grab you by the collar and make you eat compost.

I always miss summer in Eugene to travel or return to my notoriously sunny home state. I leave during growing season and return for the reaping, which feels like an unsatisfactory form of thievery. This year I tried to make summer in winter. I wanted a February harvest — a garden full of spry, nurtured greens in little window-covered beds and tents of transparent plastic. It was a crazy dream. While my goals could have been easily realized in a fenced off garden plot or a suburban back yard, it's another ball game to garden in a shady, overrun front yard on frat row. If you grow it,

they will trample it; throw beer cans, rotten pumpkins, bricks at it; and vomit on it. Also, it snowed in November. That wasn't part of the deal. All fall I was trying to raise vegetables in a land of frozen cigarette butts.

I have cried over crushed arugula. Still, I wanted to learn how to sustain life amidst such exuberant counter-productivity. We can have our yard and eat it too, I thought. We can eat the apple and stay in the garden.

While I did manage to grow some things, I wouldn't call my experience a "success." I would classify the endeavor as a "not-failure." Some day the various foliage I planted will be big enough to constitute a small salad — not a full dinner salad, more like one that is included thoughtlessly on the side of a big, greasy diner burger. Much to my chagrin, the devices I researched and built to keep my little guys warm — the "cold frames" and "cloches" — look almost as barren as the open garden beds. The covered box where I planted cress and arugula, the one that someone threw a brick into, looks about the same as the open plot where I planted a winter green mix, the space that my drunk roommate tromped through on the way to his bedroom window one night because he was locked out. It's silly to humanize plant life, but I feel like a certain ratio of fall seedlings simply peek out, see that it is still overcast and decide to stay in bed. Can I blame them? Don't I do the same thing sometimes? My little green house designs may have ensured basic survival, but I couldn't convince all of those seasonally depressed plants that life was worth living.

As far as I can tell, there is at least one person in my neighborhood who is intentionally waging war on my garden. I'm not sure if it's a grudge with me personally or with the idea of plants in general. For a while I thought they might be jealous, but now that seems unlikely. I wish my saboteur would leave a note. Last week I found a wood pallet spiked in my radish bed. In this particular battle I have come out triumphant. Minus one little radish seedling casualty, I still have a garden, and I am still a gardener. I don't have any regrets. I'm utterly satisfied with my "not-failure," if only as a practical experiment in the limits and possibilities of creating life in the face of such violence. And I'm looking forward to my salad.

TIPS FOR STUDENT GARDENERS

GET A PLOT: Renting a plot from a community garden is a great way to garden without investing in all of the tools. If you have your own garden away from home, you won't have to start over if your living situation changes.

BE REALISTIC: There are a lot of different kinds of plants — enough that you don't need to plant things that won't really work with your lifestyle and garden set-up. Examine your options based on the factors you have to work with: time, season, soil, shade, etc. Don't sweat small failures, just aspire to leave your space more green than you found it.

VOLUNTEER: "Urban Farm" is a wildly popular landscape architecture class where students can learn the rundown about organic vegetable gardening. This is a great option if you need the credits, but you can learn a lot of the same things for free, volunteering at the Grassroots Garden on Coburg Road. The vegetables at Grassroots all get donated to FOOD for Lane County, and when there is a bounty (which there often is) volunteers can take home produce as well.

IF YOU PLANT IT, THEY WILL STEP ON IT: I'm not saying you should have low expectations for your roommates; I'm just saying that they will always disappoint you. Give them clear physical and visual markers to show them where you have planted seedlings. To avoid seeing your plant babies crushed, I suggest starting most plants inside and planting them when they are big enough to look purposeful. Remember: Don't set yourself up for failure. If you plant tiny seeds on a popular shortcut, you will feel betrayed by the people you love. And friends are more important than spinach.

DON'T DIG IN WET DIRT: This is from my mom-guru, Willa Bowman Pettygrove. She repeats this advice often, so it must be important. Digging in sopping wet dirt destroys the soil's structure. This may seem unreasonable considering Oregon weather, but it actually provides a pretty good guideline for planting from seed. With few exceptions, most planting should be done before the end of October and after the end of February. In October and March there should be a dry patch or two if you need to do serious tilling.

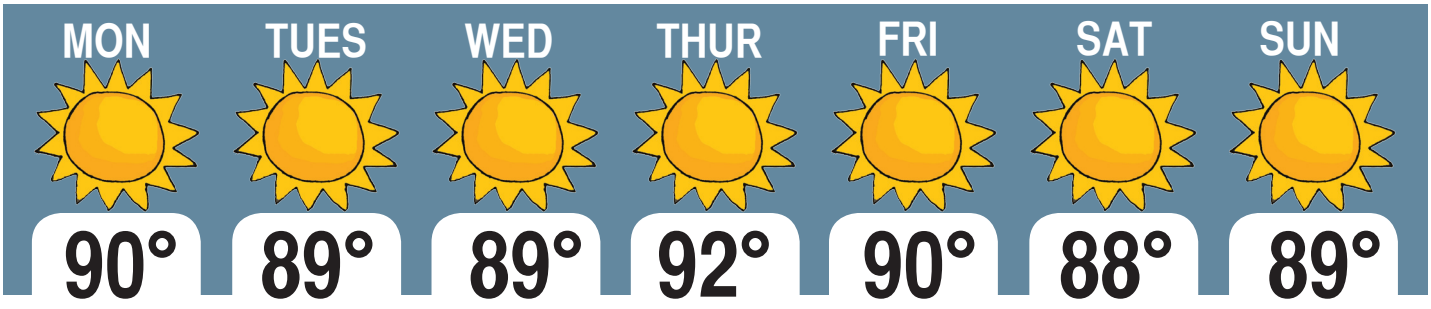
SPORTS BCS BOWL COVERAGE: LIFTING THE MICROSCOPE

THE **OREGON VOICE** ON SPORTS:

"SOMETIMES WHEN YOU WIN, YOU REALLY LOSE, AND SOMETIMES WHEN YOU LOSE, YOU REALLY WIN. AND SOMETIMES WHEN YOU WIN OR LOSE, YOU ACTUALLY TIE, AND SOMETIMES WHEN YOU TIE, YOU ACTUALLY WIN OR LOSE. WINNING AND LOSING IS ALL ONE BIG ORGANIC GLOBULE FROM WHICH ONE EXTRACTS WHAT ONE NEEDS."

-**Gloria Clemente**, as played by Rosie Perez in *White Men Can't Jump*.

THE OV'S {SUMMER ISSUE} FORECAST



SUMMER READING

words **QUINN MOTICKA**

There aren't many things not to like about college, but here's one: required reading. Professors unload essays and book excerpts each week, coating bedroom floors with a layer of unread materials. One hundred pages on the economic downturn of Greece in the 1800s does not pique my interest the way Jack Kerouac, Kurt Vonnegut Jr. or Tom Robbins do. With hundreds of assigned pages to sift though each week, it's hard to justify reading for pleasure. Books we actually want to read seem to sit in the corner, gathering dust.

Summer reading is different. Summer is a time when you can burn through a book in one day without the aid of Adderall, when you can broaden your mind without losing it. The OREGON VOICE has put together this list of staff picks to be your guide after spring term finals. Though we strongly suggest you page through them, this is no syllabus — we wouldn't want to take all the fun out of it for you.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ECONOMIC HITMAN by John Perkins.
A for real former CIA agent tells it how it is — how we rule other countries through money and how the wars are a small part of the game. Great fast read.
-JOSEPH SAVAGE

SURVIVOR by Chuck Palahniuk
Pacific Northwest author and UO alum Chuck Palahniuk is famous for his dark novels, but this one always takes the cake for me. It tells the story of the only survivor of a church cult, all told through the black box of a crashing plane. It never fails to surprise you.
-ALEXANDRA MARGA

BREAKING OPEN THE HEAD by Daniel Pinchbeck
This book is a trip.
-TYLER PELL

THE KAMA SUTRA
This ancient Hindu text is freaky deaky. See also the OV's "A to Z Sexy Time Guide," Volume 21, Issue 1.
-NOAH DEWITT

DANGEROUS ANGELS by Francesca Lia Black
I want to live my life the same way the characters in the book do. Exactly the same. The cover is kind of ridiculous, don't judge it.
-SAIGE KOLPACK

Welcome to Somerville

This sunny Massachusetts city may sound like utopia, but what's really in a name?

- **month:** **FEBRUARY**
- **average high:** **39°F**
- **average low:** **24°F**
- **mean:** **32°F**
- **average precipitation:** **3.30 in**
- **record low:** **-18°F**

Button up.

VINTAGE VOICE:

In its search for summer, the OREGON VOICE Archeology Commitee discovered this relic. From the spring 1994 issue of volume VI of the OV archives, this is "Vintage Voice."

COLLAGE

I Can Never Be Touched Enough

Last Night It Was Right

Last night it was right
I was lonely, uncertain
And George was out of town
I wanted you
I needed you
(Or thought I did)
To feel whole again.
But today
George is back
And mother's coming for dinner
And life moves on
So I really hope you won't call
Because
Last night (for whatever reason)
It was right.
—Suzanne Somers

Touch Me: The Poems of Suzanne Somers was first published in hard cover back in 1973, "long before 'Three's Company' was ever conceived and long before I became *Suzanne Somers*," she writes in the forward to the 1980 soft cover edition.

That's right — Suzanne Somers. You can add her to your little list of poet/actors. File her away right next to Henry Rollins, William Shakespeare and Crispin Glover.

"I love this book," her foreword continues. "The beauty of poetry is its timelessness...although I have grown in many ways, the basic me has changed very little...

"It was important for me not to add to this book from my present life — because I wanted nothing to interfere with the purity of these original thoughts."

Along with the forward, introduction and eponymous poem, *Touch Me: The Poems of Suzanne Somers* is split into five chapters, organized thematically: *Touch Me: I Can Never Be Touched Enough, Touch Me Before We Part, Touch Me In Whimsy, Touch Me In Passing* and *Touch Me Always*. And, as stated earlier, it is wholly untainted by Hollywood, er, taintedness.

Nifti & Neeto

Somers deals quite frankly with emotions and issues we've all faced — whether it's paranoia ("House plants have a way of invading my privacy/Mimicking my moods, of never leaving me alone/And I wonder how they changed from potted leaves/To intimate and privileged members of my home" — "House Plants"), vengeance ("The squat dykie lady in the Anne Klein suit/Takes revenge on the pretty girls/Who laughed at her pimples and thick thighs in junior-high/And like some angry magician/She renders exquisite beauty down/Into ass and tits and earlobes, and knee shapes/Calf sizes, skin colors, lip forms, and nose flows." — "The Model"), or the lonely quietness of being alone ("I like the gentle, quiet loneliness of being alone" — "The Quiet Loneliness of Being Alone").

Some may see this book and ask, "Is she serious?"

Well, do the words *soft-focus photography* mean anything to you?

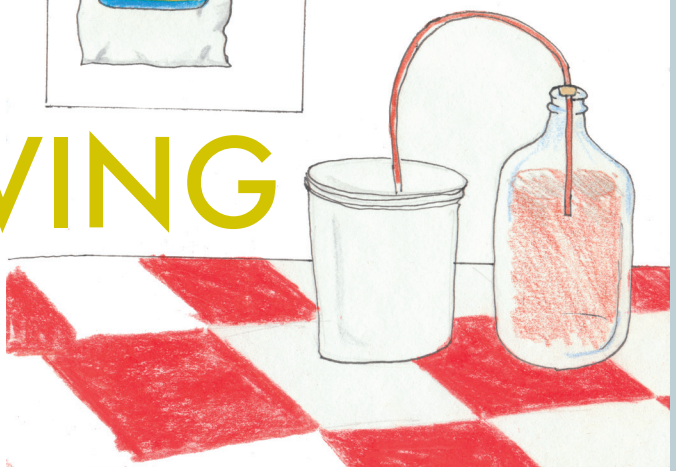
When she appeared on "The Dating Game" shortly before her career-defining stint as the lovable, daffy Chrissy Snow, Somers was introduced as "the girl in the car in *American Graffiti* and author of the best-selling book of poems, *Touch Me*." That's right — "best selling." Unfortunately, you rarely hear mention of this tome in her introductions these days.

Years ago on "Late Night with David Letterman," comedienne Julie Brown recited a few lines from the title poem — "Touch me/In secret places/No one has reached before" — adding the immortal line "Use a spatula if you have to." Somers has yet to comment.

—*by Ryan Matheson*

DIY:

BEER BREWING



1. Heat three gallons of water to approximately 150˚F. Add malt and hops. Keep at a steady 150˚ for about 90 minutes (This is called the wort).

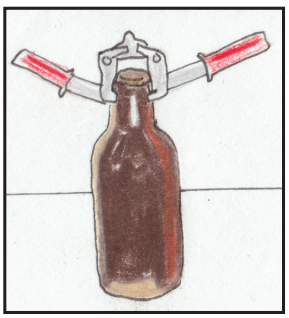
2. Prepare your fermentation vessel by pouring two gallons of chilled water and a yeast packet into the carboy.

3. Place funnel over the carboy and enough cheesecloth to cover the funnel. Pour the wort into the carboy. This is tricky if you're lone-wolfin' it — better to grab a buddy. If you still have room in your carboy, add some more chilled water until your carboy is full. Then fill the fermentation lock with a little bit of water, secure it in the rubber stopper, and plug the carboy. Then drink 40s for two weeks while your beer ferments.

4. After fermentation is complete, you'll need to bottle your beer. Take the fermentation lock off and place your racking cane, attached to the long rubber hose, in the carboy. Then you suck! Like you're siphoning gas, put your lips on the tube and suck until the beer hits your mouth, then put the tube into the bucket and fill. This will help to eliminate some of the sediment that exists at the bottom of your carboy. Now add the priming sugar to the bucket by first boiling it with a cup or two of water to dissolve it, then pouring it in. This sugar will activate the carbonation process!

5. Next, do the same siphoning process, only this time suck the beer into a bottle. It's best to fill it to the bottom of the neck. Put it aside and continue the process until all the bottles are full. This really works better with two people as well because in the process of filling up your bottles, someone can be taking them and capping them quickly to avoid contamination.

6. The capping device is pretty self-explanatory once you see it. Take your cap, place it on top of the bottle, position the capping device over your bottle and press the little arms down all the way. Again, wait two weeks while your beer carbonates.



7. After the second wait period is up, your beer should be ready to drink! Don't worry if it tastes awful; it'll get better with practice. And don't get too freaked out by all the steps and complexities. As one of the great brewers always says: Relax! Have a homebrew.

SUPPLIES YOU'LL NEED

- **5-7 lbs. malt or malt extract (You can have any mixture of malts)**
- **2-7 ounces of hops depending on how bitter you like your brew**
- **Pale ale yeast**
- **¾ cup priming sugar**
- **Cheesecloth**

All of these MUST be sanitized with rubbing alcohol, iodine or bleach before you use them!

- **5 gallon carboy**
- **Fermentation lock and rubber stopper**
- **Racking cane and fitting rubber hose**
- **A pot to boil at least three gallons of water**
- **Bucket for racking**
- **Funnel that fits the neck of your carboy**
- **Capper**
- **NEW bottle caps (old ones won't work)**
- **Twenty 22 ounce bottles (Start buying good beer and saving the glass!)**

words **ANDREA SALYER**
art **KELLY RIGGLE**

CONCERT REVIEW:

MACMILLER

photo **MICHAEL REINER**
words **BRETT SISUN**

On January 23, in a WOW Hall packed with fitty-caps and thigh-high skirts, you could feel the crowd throbbing with impatient energy. The air was wet with the sights and sounds of anticipation; high heels clicked on wooden panels, cellphones blinked on and off, cameras flashed and uneasy packs of male cigarette smokers paced in and out of the door.

Even the dreadlocked fellow in the back of the room, who you can always count on to dance like a wild organic robot, was in a dead stance. After the dry opener that seemed to drag on for ages, including a DJ who thought it proper to play "Lean wit it, Rock wit it," the people were ready for the Mac.

At precisely 11:11, Mac Miller hit the mic, and the joint was jumpin'. The Pittsburgh native and his colorfully clad cohort instantly shook the crowd from their stupor into a roaring, frenzied dance party with his opener "The High Life." Riotously bouncing across the stage, dressed head to toe in nothing but the freshest apparel, Mac Miller and his gang looked like they just stepped out of the greatest fraternity party in the universe just to rock the fine folks of Eugene, Oregon.

With his primal musical flavor that flows somewhere between the Beastie Boys and Usher, Mac shook the house hard with tracks from his new mix tape, *K.I.D.S (Kicking Incredibly Dope Shit)*. The crowd chanted along to "Nikes on my Feet" and "Kool Aid and Frozen Pizza" as if they were college battle anthems. "The Spins" came with an explanation from Miller: "This is what happens when you drink alcohol and smoke weed." Mac kicked back with some Ja Rule and even played "Black and Yellow," colors that Mac Miller practically bleeds.

For a guy who I would normally shoo off as another hard-headed white frat rapper, Mac Miller has an overwhelming positive energy and authentic enthusiasm that gives me a new outlook on his college-party-appropriate subgenre of rap. His musicality is impressive and he is not afraid to rap over some pretty kinky electro-hop beats. Mac can go from singing sweet poppy melodies, which pour out of him like honey, into an onslaught of spoken words that flash like revolver bullets. His childish voice and playful use of language (e.g. "cupcake fuckface") keeps me interested but doesn't deter me because of an overwhelming ego.

Hailing from the same high school as renowned rapper Wiz Khalifa, Mac claims to have spent many summers alone with only himself and his music. Hard work and dedication are the true foundations of Mac Miller's musical success, not so much blunts, Nikes, and frozen pizza, though they may have helped.

Pouring out of the building at the end of the night, panting and caked with sweat, the crowd was satisfied. Arm in arm, they exited WOW Hall, having received exactly what they came for: a real taste of the Mac.

RATED: Three and a Half out of Four Lokos

Artist: THE DEATH SET
Album: *Michel Poiccard*
Label: Counter

words **JENNIFER BUSBY**

You can't help but think that Johnny Siera and Beau Velasco were best friends. As the Death Set, their music exudes the same frantic energy as teenagers drunk on cheap vodka and kool aid.

Their debut LP, *Worldwide*, earned them comparison to the Beastie Boys with a punk twist. *Poiccard*, due out on March 15, showcases a more sentimental side of the Brooklyn-based group. This smoothing of sonic edges may be maturation, but it's more likely due to major lineup shifts since Velasco and Siera came together in 2007.

Founding member Beau Velasco died during production, and as a result, the album's tone is more reflective and emotional. Still, most of *Michel Poiccard*'s tracks clock in under three minutes. The result is spastic: in your face and out of the room before you get tired.

"Kittins Inspired by Kittens," a 27-second instrumental, demonstrates what happens when you scratch meows into electronic beats. It's moments like these that lend lightness to what could have quickly become a funeral dirge.

Both "Slap Slap Slap Pound Up Down Snap" and "Chew it Like a Gun Gum" carry the same bravado that make the Death Set one of the best young bands to shout along with in a sweaty basement.

RATED: The Right to Party out of Inalienable Human Rights.

Artist: TONY COOK
Album: *Back To Reality*
Label: Stones Throw

words **BRETT SISUN**

It just so happens that the first album review I did for this magazine was for another artist off the Stone's Throw Label, Dam-Funk. To be honest, I humored it. I was like, 'Hey this is some funny '80s music.' But now the great and heavy nuts of writing have dropped and I am no longer an OV virgin. So let it be known: I hate these fucking worthless clowns. Tony Cook's album, *Back to Reality*, is nothing more than a nasty, crusted mustard stain on the shirt of the art called music. For an artist who supposedly got his start as James Brown's drummer, Tony Cook brings none of the musical prowess that I would expect.

Back to Reality sounds like it's drowning in a bottle of Hennessey. The poppy, gangstaesque tracks blend worthlessly from lame Casio Keyboard instrumental to lame Casio Keyboard instrumental; meandering like a drunk on the streets of Miami. "Later for Dancing" sounds like it could intro an episode of Inspector Gadget. Halfway through "The Rap," I questioned my existence on Earth. Most of the sounds on this album consist of nothing more than a corny drum loop and a synth hook that continue, without change, for four to eight minutes. No musical changes. None at all. Just check out the opening track, "Get to the Point." Seriously, Tony Cook, get to the fucking point, you fuck face. That's just lazy.

Fortunately for him, Tony Cook has a lot of soul, which is probably why he was able to convince some decaying junkie with a microphone to let him record. But that does not make up for the clear lack of creative effort in composing original, or at least bearable, music. I will take great pleasure in throwing this sin against God into the garbage. Please, do not spend a moment of your time listening to or thinking about this man.

RATED: Car Theft out of James Brown's Criminal Convictions.

Artist: TORO Y MOI
Album: *Underneath the Pine*

words **JOSH KENNETT**

Toro Y Moi guides you down a warm river through the heart of the motherland in his new album *Underneath the Pine*. Like the summer of '69, it is lost in the escapes of the mind. Similar to The Zombies, it is an optimistic groovy tune-package that asks you one question: are you having fun? Love is still real and its existence has not been refuted by science. Love is embraced in a way that sounds naïve. The lone man behind Toro Y Moi, Chazwick Bundick, has butterflies. This album is the third rock from the porch couch, sweaty and stained with wine. If robots ruled the universe, Mr. Bundick would still be a welcomed friend. Everyone else is doomed. Watch out.

With the release of his album *Causers of This* in 2010, Toro Y Moi was labeled an artist of the genre 'chillwave.' This is supposed to mean something. Really it just means that the music is realllllyyyyy chilllllll. The new album recedes from the usual ultra-relevant catchy synth and guitar to a hazy time way back when people still wore bellbottoms and peace pendants. This time warp is a fine twerp. A suppressed burp of porcelain. A wah pedal for a soul brotha'. This album is meant to be listened to whilst long-boarding down a hill, swerving side to side. Let the acceleration take you to meet Father Wind and Sister Sun. Forget that you're listening to music. These are sounds of innocent memories.

RATED: 193 Pink Solar Ovens out of Pure Energy

Artist: DIPLO
Album: *Riddimentary*

words **BEN STONE**

After a few years of energetic, shotgun-style music-making, producer/label boss Wesley Pentz, aka Diplo, is taking a 15-track breather. Under his label, Mad Decent, he has reworked

FRESHETTE

words **JENNIFER BUSBY**

I dare to dream, so I consider myself in Freshette's target market. This "female urinary director" promises to save ladies from skuzzy toilet seats and alleyway squatting.

However, Freshette did not make me feel fresh. It's a plastic funnel with a retractable plastic tube that channels your pee wherever you point it. Pressed against the pubic bone, the translucent pink trough is reminiscent of a codpiece.

The best part was the amount of control it afforded. Why do dudes with dicks have such a hard time aiming? You could write your name in the snow with this thing. [Managing Editor's Note: yeah, but only in cursive.] I did my best to overcome two decades of socialization and pee standing up, but I'm not sold. I spent the whole time worrying about misalignment and spills; perhaps this feeling will wane in time. I've never been a fan of popping a squat, as the kids say, which requires no equipment and little practice, but this device isn't the solution for me.

Although reusable, Freshette is bulkier than other gadgets on the market. pStyle is more aesthetically appealing and the disposable P-Mate is far smaller (both are less expensive). It's hard to imagine cramming the Freshette into a bedazzled evening bag — and in my case, any bag at all.

RATING: The Menstrual Panties of Lingerie.

Film: *POOL ROOM*
Director: Ian Clark
Writers: Josh Saunders & Ian Clark

words **PAUL METZLER**

The title of this independent film, *Pool Room*, refers to a modified storage shed where a simple-minded character named Calvin sleeps. Trinkets, pictures of cats, toy soldiers and other treasures he finds throughout the day cover the floor and walls of this room. Slow shots of forgotten buildings, unkempt lawns, stretches of railroads and dirty riverbanks pull us through his daily wanderings in some Texas suburb.

"I wanted to focus on the beauty that can exist in very quiet situations and in the actions of ordinary people," writes Ian Clark, the film's co-writer and director. The actors so well convey the "ordinary" that they actually made me feel uncomfortable. I thought it was real. When I found out the actor who played Calvin did not actually spend his days wandering dirty Texas streets, I couldn't understand how was he so convincing? The answer — and the beauty of this film — is that there is no script. The uncertainty, awkwardness and regret that accompany every sentence we speak in our ordinary lives shows through in this film.

At a house party, Calvin meets a girl named Bonnie, who drunkenly tries to seduce him. But he chases her away because he has never had a "female friend" or been on a date. Nor has he ever held a job. His simplicity is extraordinary. And though Bonnie is an ordinary, Jesus-loving Texan, her interest in Calvin and her ability to converse about hamburgers, dead birds and hotdogs consistently capture my attention.

Although the film's budget can't have cost much more than a Hollywood actor's haircut, it beautifully displays a simple story against the backdrop of impoverished Texas. Also the soundtrack was kickass. Stream *Pool Room* for free at PoolRoomMovie.com.

RATING: That scene in American Beauty where the plastic bag floats around all the time.

Artist: JOHN VANDERSLICE
Album: *White Wilderness*
Label: Dead Oceans

words **PAUL METZLER**

Ever since John Vanderslice began his career, he has lived a life of mediocrity. When his popular Bay Area band broke up, he was left with his studio and a pretty okay solo career. Though his studio hosted bands like Death Cab for Cutie, Nada Surf and Spoon, Vanderslice has not achieved their level of success. The album, *White Wilderness*, fully embodies Vanderslice's not-quite-a-success story.

Listen to the lyrics. In addition to an entire song solely about piano lessons, his "English Vines" chronicles the story of a guy whose neighbor's vines killed his tree and their friendship. He dramatizes boring events like these in collaboration with the unsettling violins of Magik*Magik Orchestra and with his own questionable use of the piano.

Though he artfully creates a relaxing mood, he has trouble forming a melody. He tries to be breathy like Sufjan Stevens and creepy like Radiohead, but he never commits either way. Perhaps a moment of introspection inspired the lyric, "There was no particular place for me."

But I don't want to keep dissing this guy. The instrumentals in "Convict Lake" were actually inspiring. He's talented — just kind of regular. If you're looking for songs to beef up your mellow-acoustic-indie-rock playlist, I would seriously suggest this album. But know that there are plenty of artists just like him, but better.

RATING: Soup out of Okay Things to Order at a Restaurant.

EVENTS

2/11: Water Tower Bucket Boys
SAM BONDS, 9 p.m.

2/12: Chromeo
ROSELAND THEATER, PDX

2/12: Adventure Galley, Sea Bell, Dirty Mittens
WOW HALL, 8 p.m.

2/12-2/13: Eugene Ballet Company: Alice in Wonderland
HULT CENTER, 7:30 p.m., 2:00 p.m.

2/11-2/12: KLCC Microbrew Festival
LANE EVENTS CENTER, 5:00-11:00 p.m.

3/02: Portugal . The Man
WOW HALL, 8 p.m.

3/04 : Cold War Kids
WOW HALL, 9 p.m.

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